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a magazine of
literature & art

Creative Campus

A Magazine of Literature and Art

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SHORT STORIES

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POETRY

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REVIEWS

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PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Foreword

I am delighted that a literary magazine is now being brought out by the undergraduates of The University of Manitoba. In my opinion, *Creative Campus* will fill a need in the student life of this institution.

In its pages students will be given a useful opportunity for self-expression. The discipline of writing is a strenuous one. Let us remind ourselves, now, that "easy writing makes curst hard reading". For most men and women, even modest success in the cogent and beautiful expression of ideas through the medium of language can be achieved only at the cost of devotion and hard work. It is to be desired that *Creative Campus* prove a stimulus to the adoption of this attitude by an increasingly large number of undergraduates.

As I leave The University of Manitoba, I shall think with interest of your venture, and hope that a copy of the magazine may find its way, from time to time, as far East as The University of New Brunswick. Good luck!

A. W. TRUEMAN,
President.

*To the Students
of Future Years*

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The publication of this first issue of Creative Campus is made possible through the generous sponsorship of The Trustees of Brewers and Hotelkeepers of Manitoba War Fund to whom we herewith extend our warm and sincere appreciation.

EDITORIAL

From the Staff . . .

Several months ago, we had serious doubts whether there ever would be a time when it would be necessary to write an opening for a student magazine of this sort. Today it is a necessity; and a pleasant one, to be sure.

Perhaps the proverbial pat on the back is not yet justly ours. Our magazine has not withstood the critics' scrutiny. But the cynics have been countered, and that in itself is criterion for success in some circles. Without dramatizing our position, we can fairly assert that this magazine is proof positive of constructivism.

It is our intention to integrate this magazine into a permanent activity—and responsibility—of the Students' Union. Surely the response of the student body, as exemplified in the following pages, coupled with the intrinsic worth of student creative expression justifies our intentions.

But we haven't introduced ourselves yet. We're a few students who, for several years now, have sought an outlet for creative expression; who, early this term, proposed, in an editorial in the MANITOBAN, the formation of a magazine; who, at an organizational meeting, elected a staff; who, through the help of generous, conscientious citizens, acquired a financial status; and who, finally, after soliciting your material, have compiled what follows. In between, we have been favored with such privileges as all-night coffee sessions discussing the submitted material, encouragement and active support from the President and the faculties of English and Architecture, and many warm, new friendships.

To ensure the highest standard possible, and to guarantee all contributors an equal opportunity, no material was accepted without discussion by the editorial board and a member of the faculty particularly concerned. Wherever possible, rejected material was returned with constructive criticism.

A true estimate of our success cannot now be gauged. If the magazine is still published, say, five years from now, this venture may then be considered a success. We believe the next step to be up to the U.M.S.U.

For the Staff,

ALVIN GOLDMAN.



By "HILDAS"

It's kind of peaceful, just lying here in the twilight. Although I've been alone for so long, it seems as though there's never been time to be peaceful.

What was the nurse talking about in the hall? She said, "... those who can't adapt themselves to reality have to find some outlet of escape in order to survive". What did she mean? "Some outlet of escape." I'll ask Haldis. Now that I know she's coming back, everything will be different. Perhaps you'll be able to meet her.

Even when we were children, she wasn't like the rest of us. She didn't fit into the same mould, somehow. None of the other girls noticed it very much. They were always too busy with their own affairs. But she lived right beside me, and we were usually together.

I remember that once, when we were quite young, a lady watching us playing made a remark about "the fairy and the goblin". When I asked my mother what a goblin was, she said it was an ugly little elf. One always thought of Haldis in terms of fairies and angels, so I realized that the goblin's name was my own, Hilda. Of course, I always have been a plain, dark angular thing, while she—well, she made you think of sunbeams and daffodils and dancing water.

I always liked to go over to her house to play. It had such a friendly, interesting atmosphere. Not stodgy, like ours. Her mother was a beautiful, rather mysterious-looking lady, who always gave us cookies and let us play dress-up with her discarded clothes. Sometimes her father would come home early, looking very handsome and swashbuckling in his high engineer's boots. They were young and gay and they always included Haldis in their fun. My mother was sick most of the time, and couldn't stand having my friends around because of her nerves. Daddy

usually had to work overtime on the accounts at his shoe store, so I didn't see much of him. He was always too tired to do more than read the paper before he went to bed.

There were two public schools in the town, and Haldis and I attended the old one in the west end, where the nice children went. The other school was much newer and had a tube fire-escape. But most of the pupils had queer names and their fathers worked in the mines or the brickyard. Besides a young and handsome principal, they had all sorts of school parties and a much better baseball team and the students weren't a bit snobbish. Haldis got permission to transfer. My parents wouldn't let me go because four blocks was too far to walk in the winter. It was only three blocks to my school.

I remember the general excitement over entering high school—the outward sign of being "grown up". Everyone else seemed happy at the prospect, but I was sick with the horrible fear of not being dressed properly, of not knowing just what to do, of not really belonging. Haldis didn't need to worry, because she had an older sister who told her everything. She also showed her how to dance. I didn't know how, and I was ashamed to ask anyone to teach me, but I guess it didn't matter because none of the boys wanted to dance with me anyway.

Haldis was a lovely dancer; it was as natural for her as walking. She always had every dance taken, and no matter how awkward or colorless her partners were, they all seemed to catch some of her grace and fire when she floated into their nervous embrace. Something compelled me to attend all the dances, although I dreaded and hated every one. At least, I would say I had been there if anyone asked me in the cloakroom.

If it hadn't been for the other pupils, classes would have been fun. I really liked Science and History, and even Latin was kind of interesting. But of course, it would have been fatal to admit any interest. If I did my homework, I was despised for being a bookworm, but if it wasn't done, the students who copied my work resented my laxity. I didn't dare answer questions in class for fear of being considered a serious student. If my marks were above the average, I felt embarrassed. Somehow, Haldis managed to head the class without any apparent effort, and no one resented it or considered her a bookworm. She was friendly with the teachers and openly admitted that she enjoyed Latin. And still she was the most popular girl in the school.

I didn't really want to go to University. But my parents felt it was the thing to do and by skimping a bit they could afford it. Of course, I was warned beforehand that I couldn't expect to dress like the other

girls or do all the things they did. In a small town, money didn't make so much difference. It had never really occurred to me to wonder whether my family had as much as other families we knew. But my parents seemed to take it for granted that I'd be restricted financially more than most girls at college, so of course I felt I should limit myself to bare necessities. Haldis splurged on all sorts of luxuries at the beginning of each month, and then quite candidly admitted that she was broke the rest of the time. While I felt that this was wrong, I longed to try it, just once.

It was my father's idea that I should study Commerce. While I had always dreamed of becoming a scientist, of alleviating the misery of mankind by some wonderful discovery, the idea didn't seem really practical. Father figured that I might as well help him in the store when I graduated, instead of "fooling around with test-tubes in somebody else's business". But I hated Mathematics and Economics, and English was a nightmare because of the essays. I never could say what I felt, much less write it. The beauty of poetry froze in my fingers while it flowed with a warm current through my mind. Haldis and I would compare our essays and she always wrote the things that I couldn't express.

While spring brought a welcome end to each plodding term, I dreaded the social stir which heralded its approach. At teas and receptions I could never think of anything to say to people. It wasn't so bad when Haldis was there; she knew the right things to say and how to make other people talk. And she instinctively wore the right clothes.

Graduation was a relief. Yet it was accompanied by an uncomfortable feeling of failure. I had accomplished nothing, in fact I yearned to take refuge in childhood again. Supposedly I was fitted to take my place in the world, but somehow I felt that I didn't fit into society. Life was just beginning for Haldis, who had been offered an interesting position in an eastern city. For my part, I was only too glad to bury myself at home in the seclusion of my father's shoe store.

By this time, my former acquaintances had either married or moved away. The younger crowd was too gay and energetic for my liking and I didn't feel at home with them. So I settled down to a routine existence of work at the store and evenings with my parents or knitting with the local office girls.

Sometimes I went to a show with Ed, who had been my father's clerk for years. He was a colorless, middle-aged person, rather shy, but I felt completely at home with him. We never said much to each other but there were never any uncomfortable silences or the compulsion to produce gay, witty speeches.

When Haldis wrote me about her social and business successes in the East, I countered with somewhat idealistic sketches of my own existence, which may have given the impression that Ed was a trifle younger and more attractive than he was in reality. Realizing my unattractiveness to other men and the lack of any future beyond that dull existence, I had practically talked myself into acceptance by the time he asked me to marry him. Actually, there was not much change in the routine. My father had been leaving more and more of the store management to Ed and me, and was practically ready to retire. We hired another clerk and I kept on doing the books while Ed took over from my father.

Life with Ed was not exciting. It was more difficult to idealize him in continual proximity. I had read widely and perhaps my conception of love was too highly colored. Eventually I concluded that romantic passion was reserved for the young and beautiful, and steeled myself to accept my lot. He was kind to me and it was a relief to have my own home and a somewhat improved social status.

When I found that I was to be a mother, life took on new meaning. From the first, I felt that my child would be a daughter, a tiny exquisite thing with taffy curls and sea-green eyes. She would dance through life and bewitch the world into piping the tune. Her music would echo through the years. My existence would be justified by her birth.

The breath of life failed to quicken my unborn hope. My dreams were buried in the tiny grave that cradled my dead baby.

Two years later, when Haldis and her husband returned for her father's funeral, I found that my hope was not dead. In their daughter flamed the spark that should have kindled mine to life. Taffy curls—sea-green eyes. I told myself that it was for the best. In the home of a distinguished statesman, with Haldis for a mother, the soul of my beloved would increase in a wisdom and stature that I could not have fostered.

Whatever virtues Ed possessed seemed to dwindle to nothingness in the magnetic shadow of Trevor Dallas. His marriage to Haldis had made her name known throughout the world. I dreaded the visit because I was sure he would find everything dull and uninteresting. But right from the first, we found in each other a responsive chord. The vigor and vitality that emanated from him seemed to envelope me and pull me out of myself. I found scintillating remarks always on the tip of my tongue and for the first time I felt myself to be a witty and attractive woman. He asked my opinion on matters of international import and due to my wide reading I was able to give intelligent suggestions, which always harmonized with his own ideas.

Haldis was busy winding up her father's affairs and Ed was busy at the store, so Trevor and I spent a lot of time together while I looked

I Won't Be Alone Anymore

after little Joy. We would drive out into the country to the nearby lake, and let the child play on the deserted beach while we relaxed in the glow of autumn sunlight and our conversation. Sometimes I'd get the odd feeling that Joy was my own baby and that—well, I guess I've always been too full of dreams. It soon ended. They went away and I was left with Ed.

It was hard to realize that Ed was getting old. Ever since I'd known him, he was "middle-aged". And then suddenly I realized that I was middleaged and that while my hair was greying, Ed's was almost white. He didn't make much fuss about anything, but I noticed that he always looked tired. Except for an occasional game of bridge with the couple next door or sometimes a movie, we'd never gone out much in the evenings. Usually I'd read or sew, while he tinkered around in the little workshop he had set up in the basement. Then he lost interest in his carving would just sit and doze in the big chair by the fire.

One morning he overslept and when I went to wake him, I realized that he was gone. Grief and remorse suddenly flooded my heart with more emotion than I had felt for him during life. His unobtrusive gentleness and kindness I had taken for granted and I had given so little in return for his unselfish devotion.

My mourning was interrupted by the tragic news of the death of Joy and Trevor Dallas in an automobile accident in France. A cable from Haldis informed me that she was returning to Canada by plane and wished to come out west and stay with me to escape publicity.

It seemed almost too much to bear. Ed and Joy and Trevor gone. When Haldis confessed to me that the accident had been her fault, I understood something of her grief and yet I had a hard time to keep from hating her. Joy was everything that I had wanted in my own child and now the second dream had perished like the first and life was again barren.

Soon I could barely stand her presence. She had silently taken and carelessly tossed away the things that life had never offered me. I was at the breaking point, the day when I crushed the strychnine tablets and substituted them for the tonic powder in the little plastic capsules the doctor had given her. There were only a few left, each one containing almost a grain of the fatal substance. She usually took one each morning. That night, however, she got an urgent message from Ottawa requesting her presence; some information regarding her husband's work was required. She packed the tonic capsules in her overnight bag and took a taxi to the airport. I never heard of her again.

Relieved of the oppressive strain of her presence, I put my past firmly behind me and resolved to start life anew. I sold the store and the house and moved to a city in the north of the province. There I enrolled in a course for laboratory technicians and the next year I moved to the Provincial Research Laboratory. For the first time, I felt that I was utilizing my abilities to the utmost, that I was leading a useful, purposeful life. The scientists with whom I worked became my friends and we lived in a world of our own, in which each of us was of equal importance and to which we each made a worthwhile contribution.

Then suddenly my overworked body rebelled and I was sent to a hospital. They said my heart was not strong enough, that I would have to stop my work for at least a year, perhaps more.

One night the nurse gave me a strychnine tablet to accelerate my heart action. At the mention of the word and at the sight of the tablet, the past came back upon me like a flood. Once again my life was a failure, and this time I did not even have Haldis to lean upon. I had killed her. There was nobody left.

I went over and over the details of those last few days after she went out of my life. Suddenly a flicker of hope glimmered in the darkness. I had been so distraught even to read the papers after she disappeared. I had burned all my bridges and left no indication of my destination when I made the final break with my former home. Perhaps she had not taken the fatal tablets; perhaps she was not dead; perhaps she had been trying to find me all this time!

To discover the truth became the sole purpose of my life. As soon as I was able to leave the hospital, I returned to my old home for the period of convalescence.

I wrote letters to the airline company and to officials in Ottawa, but to no avail. Finally, after nearly half a year of unsuccessful attempts to locate her, I felt myself on the verge of a breakdown. In desperation I went to the district court judge, an old family friend. I confessed everything. Even if it convicted me of murder, I wanted the truth.

Judge Milne seemed very disturbed at my story. He promised to investigate the matter immediately, if I would return to bed. The next day, my doctor came to see me and brought with him a stranger who asked me a lot of questions. At first I wouldn't answer them. Then he said that he'd come out from the city at the Judge's request and wanted to help me as much as possible. So I told him the whole story, the same as I've been telling you.

For a long time after I'd finished, he just sat and stared into space. Then he stood up suddenly, looked at me speculatively for a moment, and said softly, "Hilda, I'm going to take a chance. I'm going to tell you the truth and I'm counting on your rational acceptance of it. It's your only chance for freedom, and we've got to gamble on it."

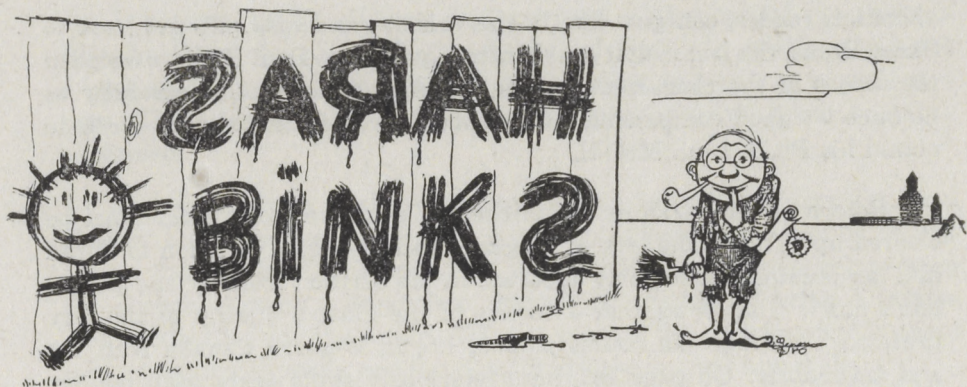
He took a deep breath and went on:

"There is no such person as Haldis. There never has been. Trevor and Joy are also figments of an unusually active imagination. They were conceived at various periods of frustration during your life as a sort of escape mechanism. They've been woven into the fabric of your existence so neatly that only by strong will power will you be able to unravel the threads. You succeeded once in destroying this 'Haldis'. It is again a question of your life or hers . . ."

Fools! They thought they could turn me away from my purpose by such foolish talk. They brought this smooth-talking stranger to deceive me. But I didn't fall into their trap so easily. Oh, I came with them to this "rest home" as they called it. I know what it really is. But it doesn't matter, because I won't be here long. Barred windows won't keep Haldis out.

You see, I *know* now that she is alive. They have tried to keep her from me, they have tried to keep me alone in the world. But I know that she is stronger than they are, and that she is coming to take me away with her to a lonely home that she has been getting ready for me.

Now I must go to sleep, because I think she will come tomorrow. Then I won't be alone **any more**.



By WALLY MACLEAN

There are difficulties in reviewing a book that manages to be comic and cosmic at the same time. This occupational hazard will not be further dwelt upon, but will become apparent soon enough. In the story of Sarah Binks, sweet songstress of Saskatchewan, Paul Hiebert, author, chemistry professor and puckish poet-philosopher of the prairies, excuses both his heroine and himself on the grounds that they are both fictitious.

Well, fictitious or not, why the name Sarah Binks? Partly because once you've seen or heard the name you are convinced that you already knew it. It is one of the most universal names ever to be coined in the fairest, flattest province of Canada. Now the author admits that the odd name, like that of Windheaver, was invented by fellow-researcher Tommy Tweed (now of Toronto), when he was attending the University of Manitoba as Dr. Hiebert's student.

But to try and realize the implications of the name Sarah Binks is like poking at a soap bubble—it is apt to explode into the thin prairie air. Just remember though, that you were warned how hard it is to avoid the snares that surround the critics of Sarah Binks, the poetess of the plains. These stuffy critics have left their footprints in the drifting topsoil of the sunny south of Saskatchewan, and their footnotes at the bottom of many of this book's 182 pages.

If it weren't for sounding pedantic, it could be admitted that because Canada was a successful mediocrity of a country, recently wrested from the wilderness, because the prairie provinces are in the middle of the muddle, heroine Binks is doomed to loneliness.

There are few characters like her, either in fiction or in fact.

This reviewer will attempt to show that Professor Paul Hiebert and Sweet Sarah are soulmates, and he needs all the help that you, the

uncritical reader, can give him in this self-imposed task. To get back to Sarah Binks, the fact is that nearly fifteen years ago Paul Hiebert weighed the names of the characters in this charming satire just as carefully as he once weighed components of hydrogen peroxide in research work to obtain his Ph.D. from McGill.

Before either Sarah or Dr. Hiebert is evaluated, one point must be cleared up. That is the love of language and literature common to Sarah and her creator, particularly apparent in the classic: "Poultry and poetry don't mix". That is another evidence of the elusive quality of the wry professor's writing—he makes pioneer life in Western Canada both flat and fascinating. On page 162, he mysteriously shifts gears from poultry to poetry and we find that:

. . . the poet cannot both observe the stream of life and live in it. This is at once his tragedy and his reward. He is conscious of an inner integrity, but aware too that this integrity must, in its very nature, be an integrity of isolation. Having its roots in the social body, the poetic spirit must nevertheless stand apart from it, longing to enter but unable to do so. And the poet thus torn but seeking always a universality, turns as often as not to nature for his solace. What he finds there depends on the intensity of an inner conflict whose issues may not even be explicitly stated in awareness. . . .

The whole reason for introducing this straightforward quotation into the book was to provide an opening for the author to add this Dorothy Parker type verse in a footnote:

Oh Lord, who holdest in thy hand
The gift of triolet and ode,
Or sonnet none can understand,
And rhymeless lines of current mode,
Whose reservoir of thought still brims—
With bright ideas when mine are spent—
Guard thou the rondels and the hymns,
Of me, thy humble instrument;
Defend from attitude and mine
The metered thought, and lead the wit
From obvious and facile rhyme,
And unexpected ending 'spit—
Above all, may I never take,
Albeit light, the cynic's view
That love is always on the make—
However true, however true.

It is here that Dr. Hiebert is discovered, hiding behind the skirts of Wraitha Dovecote, of the Regina School of poets. In addition to *being* a poet, he is also disclosed as having the ability to laugh at himself *as a poet*. This adds up to a fourth dimension, somehow, but it can be easily explained.

The explanation is almost self-evident. I am satisfied that Dr. Paul Hiebert knew long years ago that in combining poetry and humor he was taking the low road; I believe that he weighed in his chemical balance the chance of being a great man against the chances of being a human one, and settled for the latter. What is more, I am convinced that those laboratory scales really weigh values and have served him well.

This reviewer now ventures out on thin ice, to claim that this inner conflict has generated in the little professor the ability to laugh at himself, and his own creations, as fellow-champions of lost causes. Binks-like, Paul Hiebert is able to lose his personality and sometimes that of his readers in the wry and dry humor which is a form of art. Exploiting a universal weakness, he has the reader go through the Editor's desk, when the Editor is out to lunch, and you are not surprised to find that this Editor of the Horse-Breeder's Gazette has a desk as cluttered as the inside of a Russian horse-doctor's valise.

Seriously though, here is where you and I as readers really participate. Here, Dr. Paul Hiebert seems to realize something that is uncanny—almost un-Canadian—that a book arises as much in the mind of the reader as in the mind of the author. The common ground that you share with Dr. Hiebert and with Sarah Binks, is the ground where we all turn out to be Don Quixotes, author, heroine, and readers.

Dr. Hiebert likes to call himself a reformed scientist, but in reality he is an unreconstructed poet. So are you, dear reader, though you call yourself a researcher in the laboratory known as life, though you rarely hear the pulse and cadence of rhyme pounding through your veins.

We are all poets to some extent, but very few have the extra dimension possessed by Dr. Hiebert—that of being able to laugh at ourselves.

Sprinkled throughout the book, like rain after a long drought, are evidences of humor so refreshing that they must be recalled. There is the cubic foot verse that Sarah set for herself as a worthy goal; there is the Ojibway-Cree language, which had, with far-sighted intention, been so constructed that no two words would rhyme; and of course there were the beans, often the staple diet of the Binks household, especially during the last six or seven months of the winter. There is the educator's peculiar genius for imparting knowledge without himself assimilating it. All the

and Marjorie Pickthall . . . Another example of straying is in the following—

Give me a line to fling at fame,
That deals not with the woes of man . . .

And a final case in point is the single description of the new Gimp girl at her grandma's.

"A bit fast, too, Heavens, yes, pyjamas!"

In investigation, this line of seven words holds the record in these parts for the number of commas, with the Ojibway-Cree-Cuneiform running a close second.

Before we fall completely into the pitfall of plagiarism, which seems to be inevitable in handling anything of Professor Hiebert's, let us mention the dust-jacket with the grain-elevator aslant, the illustrations by J. W. McLaren, and the photograph of 55-year-old Doctor P. G. Hiebert, peering at us from the back, like a professorial Peter Pan.

Dr. Hiebert's next book may deal with faith, with traces of C. S. Lewis of Screwtype letter fame, of De Nouy and Human Destiny, of time and space, and of spiritual discipline. However, I would not be surprised if the reform scientist settled out of court for more verse from the Regina School of Saskatchewan poets by about 1950.

Whichever it proves to be, cosmic or comic, this reviewer is with him all the way, because Professor Hiebert is a Canadian without a complex, but with a deep understanding of a Canadian's complexes about culture.

way through, there are evidences of Hiebert being a refugee from gag-humor, just as there are in Hoffenstein's poems in praise of practically nothing.

Mind you, at odd times the overdrawn, mock-serious manner of the whole piece threatens to come apart at the semantic seams. This is especially true when the author is trying to relate the Neo-Geo-psuedo-academic doubletalk to the great flat bosom of Saskatchewan. Against this carping criticism are ranged the indisputable facts that here is a Canadian who knows the prairies and loves them; here is a Canadian who settles for prose instead of poetry; here is a philosopher who turned scientist—and has the good sense to turn philosopher again.

The author achieves his effect by going after native Canadian attempts at verse with devastating directness. Though called satire on the cover, he often uses the blunt instrument of burlesque. For instance here is Sarah, in her darkest hour, saying:

They rose, three dead men,
Stiff and dank,
From the gloomy depths
Of a water tank;
And they bowed full soon
To the rising moon,
For the one was Bill,
And the other two, Hank.

Without comment, we turn to Sarah's last effort, "Wash out on the Line":

Each line unfolds its bit of news or lack;
Here the new school ma'am spends it on her back,
Her lavender flimsies in the breezes beckon;
She won't last long in this town, I reckon.

Before you are completely misled, remember that the Binksonian verse goes through the whole gamut—from A to B. For a good whiff of the latter, here is

SPREADING TIME

It's joy again, for spreading time has found me,
Within my own paternal field and fold,
It's spreading time, and once more all around me,
The air is rich, the fields are flecked with gold . . .

The odd time, Paul Hiebert lets drive with rhymes like "I buried my love at Dawn", which achieves a momentary fusion of Edgar Allen Poe

Ideology

You find your lost reflection there;
There, in the glass beside the blackened door,
Behind the littered linen-ware.

Across the floor the image yawns and grins,
His smile is shattered by the cry of breaking glass.

You miss your way and stumble in a horde
Of tongueless men carousing with the skull
For goblet. Ages spill the white of wine
Upon your face, the time is now,
For now the neon falls on antic pairs
Of beer-crossed lovers whispering their hopeful litanies.

The line of pain is traced along the throat.

Before you passes he who knows it well,
And mumbles it and sees you for a moment,
Asking him with fingers arched in whitened
Agony the sign of it, the truth of it, the hope.

He murmurs vaguely of a self-created way.

You flail the wings of idleness at time,
The moment lengthens out its flattened shade
In dropping syllables, they whirl and blend
Into the almost-truth, the ersatz hope.

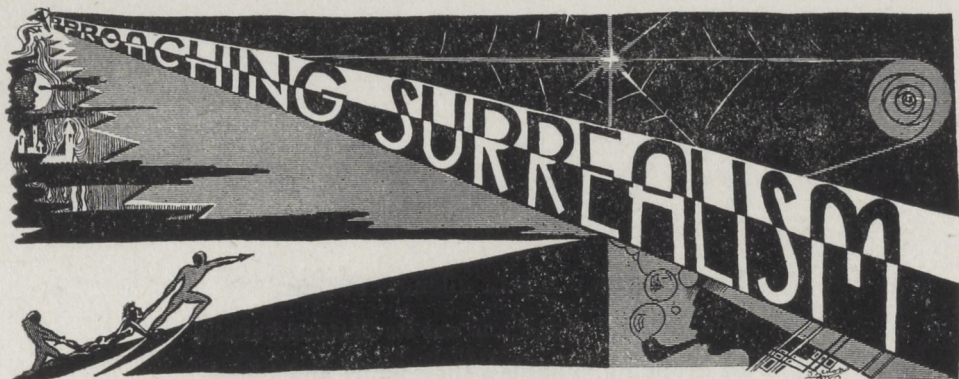
Around the pool the willows bend in prayer,
And supplicate their twisting, floating selves
In unremitting faith: your place is there
Perhaps. The cross is shattered on the ground.

You see no more except the livid walls
Of ignorance. Ascending songs in rhythm
Making sound a beating of the lungs—
And then the eyeless, reddened walls.

So now that cities clamour with the faith
Of garbage cans, the hope of street-lamp
On the shoulders, climbing stairs to everywhere
But where your image leads. The book you read
Is yellowing with fingered age,
And you look through the windows at the scene . . .

In tenemented loss the hills are green.

—A. ROYTENBERG



By ZENON POHORECKY

THE ARTIST SPOKE TO HIS SON—

In one of the many State Institutions for the Insane to be found in the Kingdom of Aspiration, three minds, three weary men sat huddled in a bare cell. The muffled undertone of nature preparing for rest stole softly through the small barred window. With the approach of darkness, the Idealist stirred restlessly on the edge of his cot. It was his nightly habit to watch the evening star materialize through the purple twilight. He rose and shuffled across to the window where he could view the gathering dusk of the heavens.

The sky was slowly breaking out in a rash of stars. The evening star seemed to swell gently into an unusual brilliance. Its radiance seemed to flow into streams of light. The Idealist's interest mounted as he wondered at this gradual change.

"Look at the evening star," he said to his companions. "It is unusually brilliant tonight."

From the shadows of his bunk, the Skeptic grunted, "So what!"

"Perhaps it is the star foretelling the promised Birth," said the Idealist, thinking out loud.

"You're crazy," said the Skeptic, glancing towards the window.

The Idealist paid no attention to him. He turned to the Blind Believer and said, "Come to the window, old friend. Let me tell you what I see."

The Blind Believer groped his way across the room until his outstretched hand touched his friend. He turned his face upyard, inhaling the fresh air deeply. Standing thus, suddenly, his breathing stopped. A look of consternation spread across the rigid muscles of his face. His lips

parted in a barely audible whisper. "No! No! It cannot be. But I—no. I CAN!" The scream burst from his throat, "I can see it!"

The Skeptic blinked.

"I can see the Star! I can see the Star!" the Blind Believer repeated over and over again.

The Idealist seized him by the shoulders. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, I am sure," answered the Blind Believer, his eyes still fastened on the sky.

The Idealist turned once more to the window. His face showed intense concentration. After a few minutes he spoke almost in a reverie. "It must be the promised Star. Somewhere the Savior has been born. We must find Him."

Coughing and wheezing, the Skeptic rose from his cot and moved awkwardly towards the other two. "Both of you are mad! How do you know that this is the Star that is spoken of by the prophet? And even if it is, you have not the slightest idea where the Savior is. And another thing, don't forget these are prison walls that hem us in. We cannot leave when we choose."

"But there is a way," the Idealist blurted out eagerly. "You were a businessman," he said to the Skeptic. "You have money. We could bribe the guard and escape."

"What!" the Skeptic snorted. "Waste my hard-earned money on a fool venture such as this? I'd let it rot first."

"Wait, wait. We will make this a business proposition," said the Blind Believer, "a gamble. Let us draw. The man with the highest card wins. The Idealist and I will take our week's rations against enough money to bribe the guard and finance our search. You may draw the first card," he said to the Skeptic.

The Skeptic's eyes brightened perceptibly. A good gamble always warmed the cockles of his heart, and he knew how to handle a deck of cards. "Very well," he said, "let me shuffle."

The Idealist handed him a deck. The Skeptic shuffled them dexterously and drew one. It was the Ace of Spades. Grinning broadly, he said, "The highest card in the pack—an automatic win!"

The Idealist stared at the fatal pasteboard. He said nothing. The Blind Believer stepped back a pace and hissed, "You cheated." Without warning he leaped forward, reaching wildly for the Skeptic. The Blind Believer's hands found the Skeptic's throat and relentlessly tightened.

"KEEP AWAY," gurgled the paunchy businessman. "Stop him. HELP!"

The Idealist seized the Blind Believer by the shoulders and dragged him away from the gasping Skeptic. Not another word was spoken.

They all retired to their separate cots. Soon, the only sound in the room was the quieting regular breathing of the Blind Believer and the Idealist. Sleep would not come to the Skeptic, however. His mind raced furiously through a jumble of thought. He would have his revenge.

A moonbeam glistened on the honed blade of the razor lying on the little table next to the Skeptic's bed. He reached for it with his left hand. As his fingers closed on the blade, a gasp of pain escaped his lips. He had cut himself.

At the sharp sound, the Idealist woke and propped himself up on one elbow. He sized up the situation at a glance. Slipping quietly from his cot he helped the Skeptic bandage his bleeding fingers with a handkerchief. Then turning, the Idealist slowly walked back to his cot where he carefully lay down and watched the frightened Skeptic from the dark shadows.

For a long time both men lay awake, engrossed in their cold, silent duel of nerves. The Blind Believer slept on soundly. The night wore on.

Suddenly the Skeptic sprang up, frantically glared at the Idealist and screamed, "I'll do it! Do you hear? I'll do it!"

The Blind Believer awoke and sat up.

"You'll do what?" asked the Idealist.

The Skeptic turned from the Idealist to the Blind Believer, then to the sharp razor, and said, "How much money will we need?"

The Idealist breathed a deep sigh of relief and hastened to shake the Skeptic's injured hand. "I knew you'd do it."

"Maybe the change will do me good," muttered the Skeptic under his breath.

Escape was relatively simple. The guard accepted the bribe with very little persuasion. Before the night was spent the three men were tramping westward, following the guiding Star.

With the approach of dawn and the rising sun, the glowing Star seemed to lose its brilliance in the grey western sky. The grueling pace began to tell on the trio and their steps lagged. After a few more hours of travel in the bright sunlight, the three men realized that they were lost in the Kingdom of Aspiration.

Lush green pastures and fertile vineyards loaded with purple grapes stretched on both sides of the road as far as the eye could see. The winding road merged into the distant horizon where the outline of a mighty castle could be seen, its jutting towers enveloped in the morning haze.

Continuing on their way, the men reached the castle in the late afternoon. It had been further than it seemed. Dusty and tired, they hammered at the heavy gates until they swung open. A bedlam of laughter and boisterous merriment greeted their jaded senses. Liltng music drifted through the air and graceful couples glided by in a swirling waltz. It was apparent that a ball was in progress. Striding ahead, a straight-backed soldier made a way for them through the gaudily-clad throng.

They found themselves standing before a handsome, well-proportioned man who greeted them with a loud "Welcome!" and an appropriate gesture of the arms. It was King Realism, ruler of the Kingdom of Aspiration. "News has reached us of your search. Come, join our festivities and forget the weariness of your journey. Let us drink to your success." The entire company raised their glasses and "Success!" rose to the rafters of the timbered hall.

After the toast, the dancing and frolic resumed with an exuberant burst of music. The three men allowed themselves a brief moment of relaxation. As twilight settled over the castle, servants entered and lit the seeming thousands of candles in the crystal chandeliers overhead. The laughter became more raucous and the dancers more violent.

In the midst of all this, the Blind Believer drew the Idealist aside and whispered, "Is the King's face as sympathetic and jovial as the voice with which he welcomed us?"

"Yes," said the Idealist, after a brief moment's silence. "It is a kind, handsome face." There was another pause. "But his eyes—!"

"What about them?" asked the Blind Believer.

"They seem almost blind."

The Blind Believer gasped. "Perhaps it is He whom we seek!"

"I may be blind but I am not deaf." Both men turned to face King Realism. The Blind Believer blushed. The Idealist attempted an apology.

"Please, please. No need for embarrassment," cried the King. "You see, you are right. I have almost completely lost my sight. Nature provides compensation, however. For lack of clear sight, my hearing has become extremely sensitive. For instance, I heard you knock at the gates through all the noise and festivities. But come, why weep for one's failings? Forget them. Let us be merry."

The King turned away to his other guests. As he did so, the Idealist stiffened with shock. He rushed after the King and tore the crown from his head. It revealed another face. Another face at the back of his head, subtly hidden by the heavy gold crown. Evil, blood-shot eyes glared at the Idealist for a moment and thin bloodless lips mouthed silent curses.

Only for a moment. Immediately the King turned about and led the trio away from the stunned and gaping crowd into a private chamber.

Facing the three men with tears in his blind eyes, he asked, "Why did you expose me before my guests? How did you know?"

"Why have you kept this disfigurement a secret?" asked the Idealist, ignoring the King's question. "Why have you been deluding your subjects?"

With head bowed, King Realism began his explanation. "I was born with two faces but this was always kept secret from my people. The face **which** you now see was gifted with extraordinary far-seeing eyes. I could see long distances and over wide expanses. My other face, however, was ugly and evil-looking and its eyes were very short-sighted."

"In my early youth, I contracted a strange and unknown disease which affected my far-sighted vision and gradually caused me to lose it. As a result, I furtively and secretly came to rely more and more on my short sight vision and through use it became very sharp and capable of seeing the finest detail. And so, after becoming King I continued to use in private the only eyes I have left to help me in affairs of state." The King looked up. "You cannot blame me for not revealing this condition. My people would never understand."

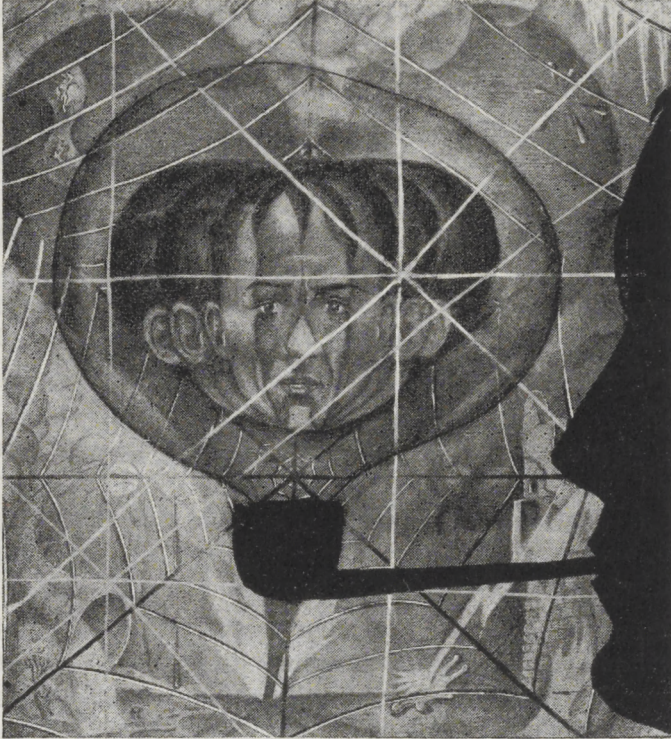
"Blame you? Yes, I blame you," answered the Idealist. "You had no right to deceive the people. You have betrayed your duty. But what is done is done. Redeem yourself. Join us in our search and restore your vision by standing in the presence of the Holy Child."

The King turned away in shame and walked toward the window. As he did so the evil leering face came into view. The twisted lips smoothly murmured, "Then you visit Him first. I cannot leave. After you find Him, return and tell me where He is that I may make this holy pilgrimage."

Reluctantly, the Idealist accepted this suggestion and, followed by the Blind Believer and the Skeptic, left the room to make preparations for the journey. At the doorway the King drew the Skeptic aside. "Surely you prefer me to this accursed Savior. You and I have much in common. Ally yourself with me and I will make it worth your while."

Seeing a glitter of interest in the Skeptic's eyes, the evil face continued, "Betray this Savior to me with some appropriate signal, a kiss perhaps. Do you follow me?" He pressed some coins into the Skeptic's palm. A look of understanding passed between them. The Skeptic turned and followed after his companions.

A few hours later, having been set on the right road, the three magi entered the town of Surrealism. There, with the Star directly overhead, they found the Child at last, lying in a manger in an old Stable.



Humbly, the three approached the Savior. Holding the Blind Believer's arm, the Idealist said in a quiet voice, "We seek Vision."

The Child smiled tenderly. Gradually its earthy form vanished except for its throbbing heart. It seemed to swell and grow into ever enlarging sphere that soon filled the entire Stable.

A heart-shaped door appeared before the searchers. With a cry of joy, the Idealist entered leading the Blind Believer. The Skeptic followed them.

As each one entered, he found himself standing on a transparent bi-dimensional disc. The Idealist saw that his disc was throbbing with

inherent energy. It began to spin rapidly cross-wise. Instead, he found himself enclosed in a transparent third-dimensional bubble of Space and Time.

The bubble had unique properties. It could expand or contract infinitely as he willed. It could go anywhere at any time through anything, like a spirit lacking matter.

The Blind Believer found himself in a similar bubble. It was not as manouverable as the Idealist's nor nearly as flexible, yet, he could drift wherever he pleased provided he did not collide with bubbles similar to his own or to the kind occupied by the Skeptic.

The Skeptic found himself within an inflexible, brittle and completely uncontrollable bubble which, despite all his efforts, travelled inexorably with accelerating speed towards the Huge Heart's interior walls.

It seemed inevitable that the Skeptic's plummeting bubble would smash itself against the mirror-like surface that reflected and re-reflected his image to infinity. At the very moment of impending doom, however, the expanding bubble of the Idealist enveloped the Skeptic and drew him back to the centre of the heart.

There before them, held up by its own power, was a radiating ball of energy. Within it was another sphere and within that another and another and another. . . . All three reached out and touched the ball. Immediately, they were consumed in the energy. They had transmigrated into a new universe which seemed similar to the one they had just left. They were still enclosed in bubbles.

Something was happening. Things began to blur and change. A terrible giddiness seized them. Everything was in fearful motion, changing, forming more familiar shapes until—they were back in the Stable, facing the Savior who was no longer a Child but a Man.

The Idealist sank to his knees. "Accept my gift," he murmured. "Love. Love for everything you symbolize."

In his turn, the Blind Believer spoke. "I bring you gratitude, thankfulness for my restored sight."

Then the Skeptic stepped forward and taking the Savior by the hand, he led Him into the street and said, "I give you my gift, a kiss."

The Savior looked at the Skeptic with pitying and compassionate eyes. At that moment, bareheaded Realism sprang forth from his hiding place at the side of the road and mercilessly swung the sharp-edged axe of Biased Criticism, hacking the unresisting flesh.

The deed was done.

A terrible loneliness engulfed the Skeptic. He realized his mistake too late. His clenches fist slowly opened and thirty coins slipped into the blood on the street.

He had done his part.

* * * * *

"I don't like the ending, Father," said the Youth.

The Artist looked at his Son but did not speak.

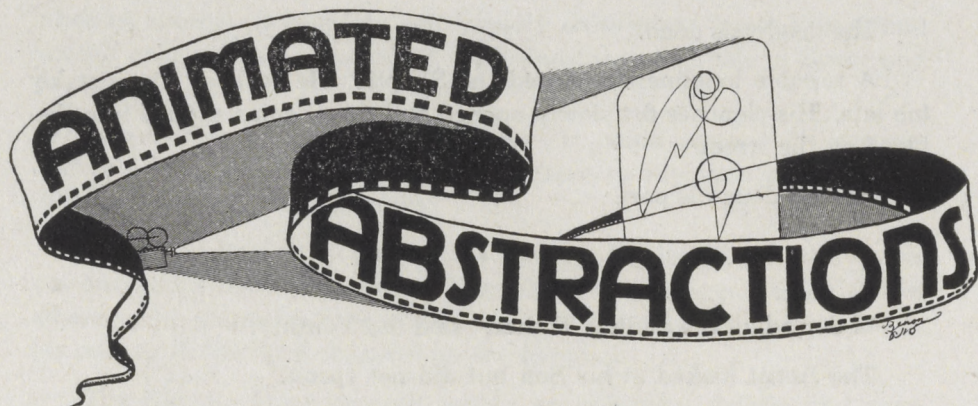
The Youth sighed and turned to pick up two packages on the table. "Let us open our presents now."

They began to unwrap the neatly-tied boxes. Removing the cover, the Son picked up a small clay pipe. In surprise he exclaimed, "A bubble set?"

"Yes, the Artist told his Son. "A bubble set with which to blow Bubbles of Thought formed by coherent factual material being puffed by that breath of imagination which is the essence of the Savior."

This recalled the story and the Youth asked, "Why was the Savior killed at the end, Father? I thought no one could kill him."

"No one can. Didn't you understand? King Realism killed the Skeptic."



By MARIAN WOODMAN

Abstract art (which is the reduction of natural form to its essentials rather than a departure from nature) has for some time been incorporated into the visual experience of our culture. Witness its influence upon architecture, industrial design or magazine layout. Most of the leading abstractionists thought of it as a discipline intended to re-introduce form that the impressionistic formula with its preoccupation with color had lost. Its persistence as a peculiar art form was probably never contemplated by its exponents any more than a future for animated abstraction was contemplated by Norman McLaren in his original experiments with "Fiddle-dee-dee." Yet the reaction of the public to both assures them of increasing interest and development.

Considering the complete lack of artistic antecedents in his work McLaren's career has been singularly direct. At the age of eighteen he made his first film. Because he lacked funds it was of necessity an abstraction of rhythmic color patterns. He washed the emulsion from a worn out thirty-five mm. film and painted with brush and colored ink on the clear surface of the celluloid. This pioneer work was done at the Glasgow School of Art, Scotland.

Several other films, both abstract and documentary, attracted the attention of John Grierson, then chief of the British General Post Office Film Unit. McLaren was invited to join this unit. While with the G.P.O. Film unit he made "Love on the Wing", his first serious attempt to use a cameraless technique of animation. Its advantage was to be found in its simplicity and its power to allow for improvement and a direct personal touch. At the same time McLaren began experimentation in another field, the revolutionary implications of which have not yet been worked out. This is synthetic sound produced by drawing special markings on the movie film with pen and ink.

Since that time several other films have been made using the same method. They are probably the only examples of films where both picture and sound are made independent of either electrical or optical means. Already this technique has yielded a chromatic scale over a five octave range. What this correlation of line and sound will ultimately lead to is an interesting source of speculation.

Further work by McLaren was done in New York with the N.B.C. television and the Museum of non-objective Art before joining the National Film Board of Canada—again at the invitation of John Grierson.

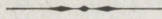
Under the auspices of the Film Board, many films have been produced by the cameraless method. In some the color was not indigenous to the drawing but was applied at the last stage. Others utilized both animation and actuality and still another experiment resulted in a pastel technique that consists of gradually altering one drawing, while it is being photographed, frame by frame under the camera.

In 1947 "Poulette Grise", using a further development of the pastel method, attempted to bridge the gap between painting and the animated film. To do this it discards 'action' in the visual and develops 'metamorphosis' of the image. Also in 1947 McLaren made "Fiddle-dee-dee" in which he reverts to the method used in his first film, that of painting colored dyes straight unto the films, frequently on both sides, to produce moving abstract patterns. To achieve textures the artist used brush stroke effects, stippled, scratched off paint, pressed cloths of various textures into the paint while it was still wet and many other ingenious methods.

While being painted the film was laid out in long lengths on a table and two or three feet were painted at a time. The sound track "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was recorded first and the musical notes, phrases and sentences having been measured, the lengths were metrically organized to fit the music.

Mr. McLaren in speaking of the future of this technique states: "It is difficult to say what the future of this kind of film is, but judging by the unexpected amount of interest shown in it, it might be considerably more than I imagined at first". He recalls only one other film, "Colour Box", made by Ben Lye in London, which utilized the same ideas and it was dropped due to lack of sponsorship. Fortunately, McLaren will be able to rely on the support of the Film Board in his work. It is to be hoped that the Canadian public will stand behind this pioneer work and recognize the contribution that McLaren, backed by the resources of the Film Board, is making toward the advancement of film art.

"Fiddle-dee-dee" has made its greatest appeal to two sections of the population: those interested in cultural expansion, and children. The bright colors and the extreme rapidity of their rhythmic movement, held together by many cunningly achieved centres of interest, produces an aesthetic reaction of extreme exhilaration. Perhaps this will be used to an effective degree for psychological ends, and certainly it must suggest itself as another example of the cultural synthesis that has been evident in the arts for many years.



The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

The wise man will rise
To the bray of rash trumpets,
Discern the ideally tangible
With a flexible eye.

Laughter amidst
The voluptuous summer:
A trickle of blood like the Mississippi
Distorts the day.

The dancing light
Is hand in hand
With the moving bone, idly seeking
An end in sand.

The trumpets clash
With metallic light;
The clown whimpers as eyeballs splinter
And the groping drums cease.

—ARTHUR ADAMSON.

REINS



By ALVIN GOLDMAN

It was good to get up early in the morning, lie in bed awhile listening to the street-cars, then run out to the stable in the back yard to smell the clean hay, look at the horse and wagon, and think about the reins. The smell of hay in a stable, porridge bubbling in a kitchen, axle grease and thin dust might not seem to be an attractive mixture, but when you're five and haven't yet learned what smells right and what doesn't, so much is possible.

Little Peter had almost completely forgotten about that night their house burned down. In fact, if he ever thought about it at all, he was probably glad that it had happened because it was the Ruzens who had asked them in, and Mr. Ruzen wasn't just anybody. Mr. Ruzen was a junk peddler, and none of the other kids lived with junk peddlers, and none of the other kids could ride on the wagon or fill the feed-bag, and none of the other kids could go looking for junk, and none of the other kids could dream about holding the reins some day.

Peter's mother called him in for breakfast with the Ruzens, so he stopped stroking Lady, Mr. Ruzen's haggard old nag, and skipped into the house. "And how is my little junk-man today?" asked Mr. Ruzen jovially, his eyes sparkling. Peter beamed. He liked to be called "my little junk-man". And some day he would be a real, big junk-man. (*Just like you, won't I, Mr. Ruzen?*)

At the table, Peter's mother casually remarked, "You know, he's going to be six in a couple of months. Maybe I ought to start him in to kindergarten like all the other kids in the street." Mr. Ruzen continued eating. Peter stopped and stared at his mother anxiously, his mouth open, his eyes wide. "Oh, all right," she said. "You really don't have to go to kindergarten." And the breakfast tasted good again.

When they finished eating and he and Mr. Ruzen were leaving, Peter's mother told him to take care of himself and watch not to fall off the wagon. "You don't have to worry, Mama," answered Peter, "I know how to sit on the wagon. I can put feed in Lady's bag. And I'm going to hold the reins some day. Mr. Ruzen said so himself—didn't you?"

"You bet your life he's saying the truth, Mrs. Thorlson." Peter walked close to Mr. Ruzen. It was good to feel small beside so wonderful a man. The places where he would look for junk! And the way he could convince the housewives that the broken-down old sewing-machine was no longer any good to them, or that he just couldn't think of buying such an old table, except, say, for a price of — Oh, there was no doubt about it. Mr. Ruzen was the greatest junk-man that ever lived. Mr. Ruzen was the greatest man that ever lived.

Mr. Ruzen hitched his horse to the wagon, let Peter fill the feed-bag, removed several articles from the wagon, added others from the yard, and seemed ready to go.

"Are you ready with the bag?"

"Yes, look. I filled it right up, just like you do."

"Good, good," Mr. Ruzen smiled. "Good." He stepped up onto his wagon lightly, as if he were walking up steps, even though he was about fifty and greying in the moustache already. He had a leathery, experienced face. He wore loose clothes and an awkward hat. As he sat on the wagon with his serene expression of having seen and known, he looked like a Maritime fisherman sitting in a chair propped against his cottage, staring pensively, knowingly, at the conquering-conquerable sea.

Peter put his left foot on the wheel-hub, his hands on the rim, then his right foot on the rim, took a deep breath and lunged for the edge of the driver's seat. He grasped it, tried to lift himself, felt a weakness in his arms, then somehow managed to drag himself up over the edge into the seat. Mr. Ruzen had not had to help him; Peter smiled anticipatively at him. Mr. Ruzen said, "Good, good." Peter beamed and felt warm all over.

Mr. Ruzen lifted the reins. Peter watched him awfully as he automatically placed each rein between the thumb and forefinger, turned his hands so that the thumbs were on top, and cupped his hands—so easily. He raised his arms, pulled slightly, and made the characteristic sound for "giddyap" by pressing his lips together, curling them into an oval, and drawing in air. Music. Little children's music. And Peter dreamed of someday when he would sit with the reins in his hands and make beautiful music.

(Peter, little Peter, others had sailed, been shipwrecked, then sailed again; but you were young and did not know, and we grow wise too late now, don't we, Peter, little Peter?)

"We're going on Aberdeen today," said Mr. Ruzen announcingly.

Aberdeen! The word flowed through Peter's mind like summer winds through honey-colored wheat fields. Aberdeen! They had been on Pritchard and Jarvis and Selkirk, but they had never junked so far away as the back lanes of Aberdeen Avenue. They were going on a voyage to a far-away island in a far-away sea, to Ophir for ivory, or to Nineveh for cinnamon and cedarwood and sweet white wine.

When Lady finally reached the first street intersection, Peter noticed some of the kids on the street going to kindergarten. If he could only tell them! Aberdeen!

"Hi!" he waved,—proudly, self-assuredly, sitting there with Mr. Ruzen so close beside him in the driver's seat. "Hi," some of them waved back limply, and continued on their way.

No, they could not understand.

Lady clopped along—rhythmically, slowly, secure in her knowledge that later was just as well as sooner with Mr. Ruzen. The early spring seemed suspended in mid-air as the sun shone lazily on jagged, silver tin cans, on shiny blue flies nosing in and out of garbage cans, and on a radiant, dawn-pink boy's face under a head of tulip-colored hair. Blue flies swarming around garbage make exciting, wonderful music, and silver tops of tin cans are like gifts of gypsy-magic as the sun obliges with purples, yellows and greens when you merely squint your eyes a little.

And Aberdeen was all that Peter could ever have imagined. Aberdeen was a radio that would never play again, a rusty, stiff bed-spring, an old-fashioned table lamp, and a dramatic argument with a stubborn housewife over two old suits that her husband would no longer wear, but "are, I tell you, of the first class cloth".

Such were the wonders of back-lane Aberdeen, and Peter ran to his mother with a thousand bursting stories as she stood waiting for them in the yard that evening. "You just come and see our old lamp! You never saw such an old lamp, Mama, and tell her how you bought the suits, Mr. Ruzen."

Peter busied himself filling the feed-bag again while Mr. Ruzen unhitched the horse. He hung the reins up on the wall and walked out of the stable. Having given Lady her bag, Peter was on his way out

when his eyes fell on the reins. He stared and wondered if he might at least just touch the smooth, shiny straps, if he might—

"Are you coming, Peter?" asked Mr. Ruzen, stopping to turn around.

"Yes, here I am. I was just looking at Lady. She's a lovely horse."

"Yes, she's a good horse, that Lady."

Next morning, Peter was up even earlier than usual. (Spring isn't just made for the singing birds, you know. Little boys who bounce out of bed and smile good-morning at the sun.) He dressed quickly and was soon busy in the stable.

He didn't hear when his mother called for breakfast. "Maybe you should go get him. He'll listen to you better than he will to me," said Mrs. Thorlson. Mr. Ruzen went to the stable. "Whoa!" he heard someone yell. "We're going to pick up some junk here. Whoa." Mr. Ruzen saw Peter in the driver's seat, imaginatively pulling at the reins. "Okay, we've got our junk on now. Giddyap!" Peter lifted his hands as if to shake the reins; then he tried to make the sound with his lips. It tickled him and he wiggled, noticing, as he did so, Mr. Ruzen standing in the doorway. Peter flushed.

"So, trying to be a big junk-man now. Oh, ho! Come on, time for breakfast."

Peter felt dizzy and ashamed. (*So, trying to be a big junk-man now. Sure I want to be a big junk-man. Sure I want . . . So, trying to be a big junk-man now. Sure, you know I want to be . . . So, trying to be a big junk-man now.*)

"Well, what was he doing?" Mrs. Thorlson asked.

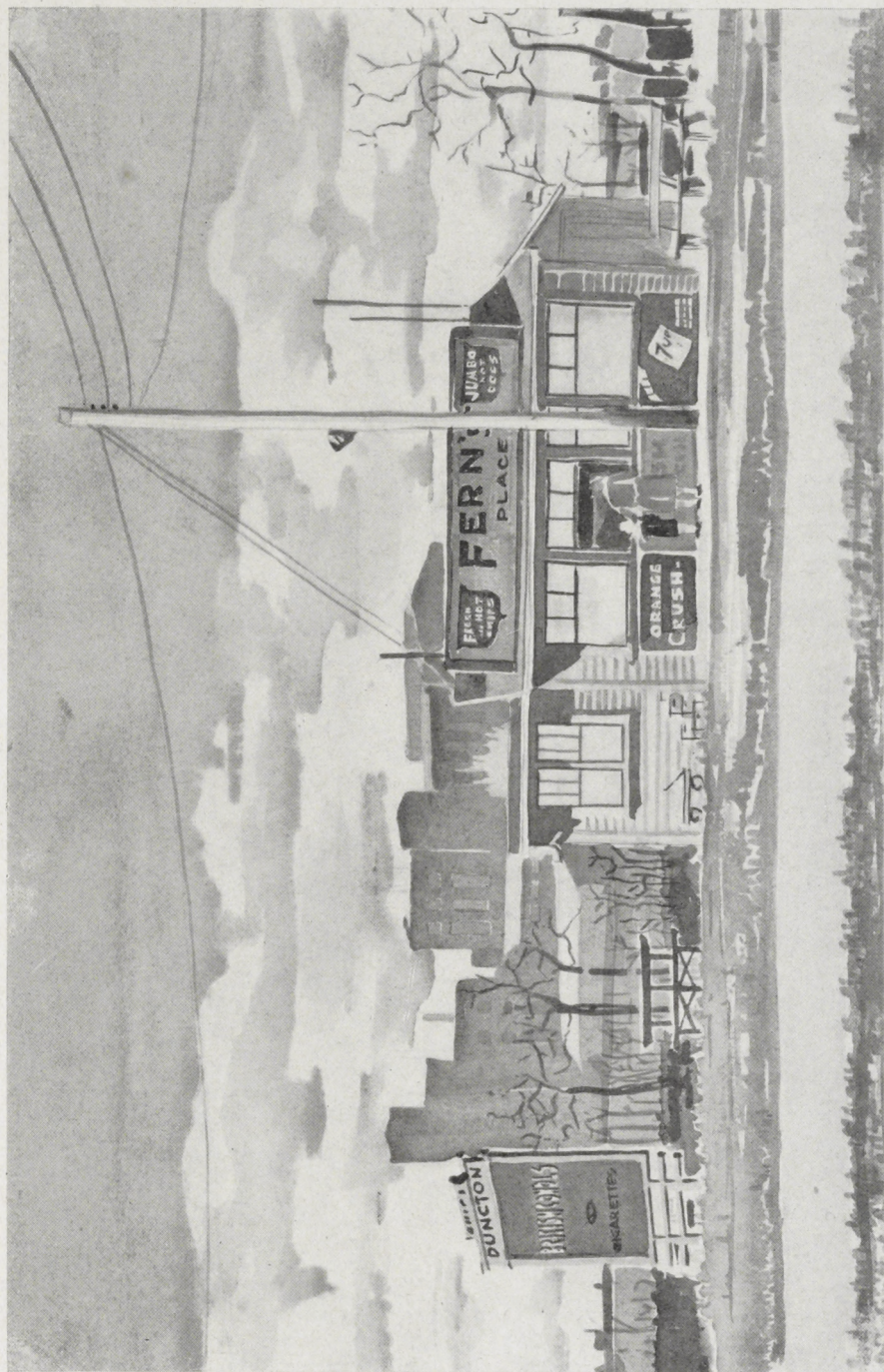
"Oh, he was just pretending to be a big junk-man,—weren't you? That's all. He didn't have a horse and reins though. Ho, you can't do much without a horse and reins."

Peter didn't have a very good breakfast.

"Still haven't sold that lamp or those suits yet," said Mr. Ruzen on their way home that evening. "Oh, I'm going to wait for a good price on that lamp, all right."

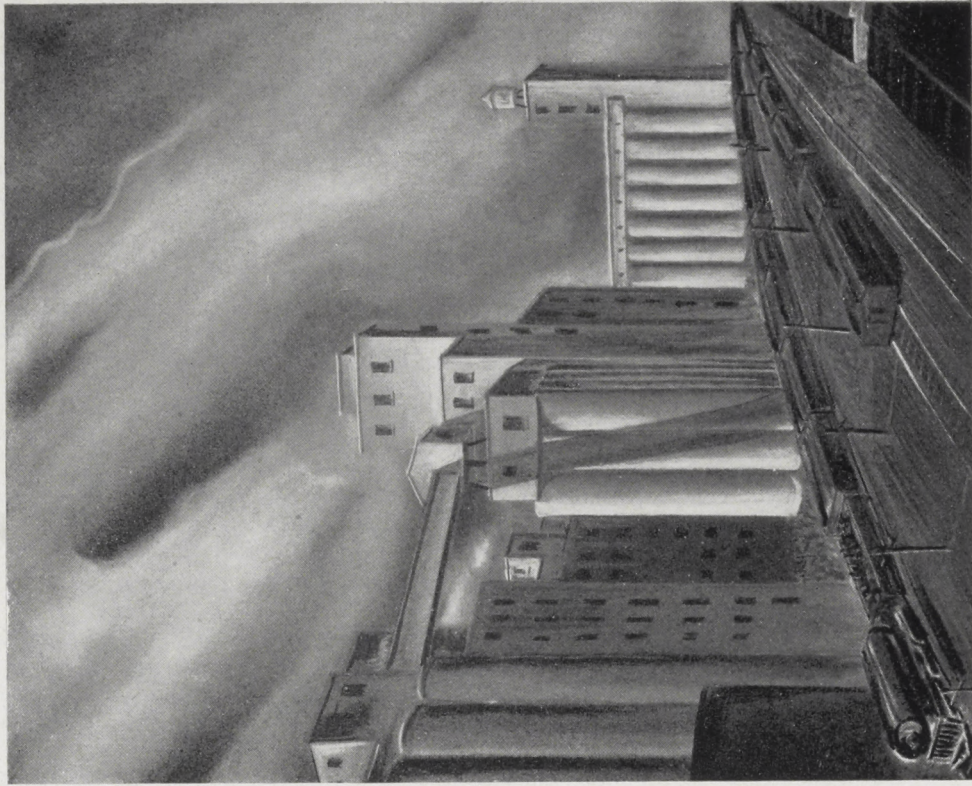
"It's a beautiful lamp," said Peter.

"Yes, you bet," said Mr. Ruzen. "It's one of the best lamps I have ever had."



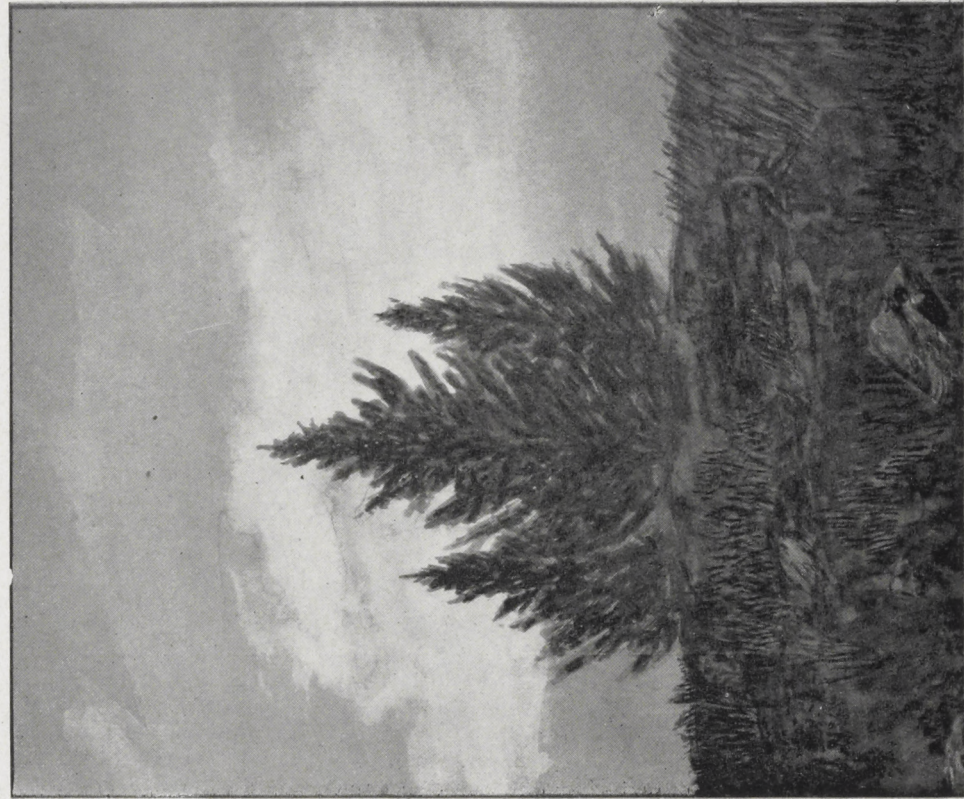
PEMBINA VIEW

by ISSIE COOP



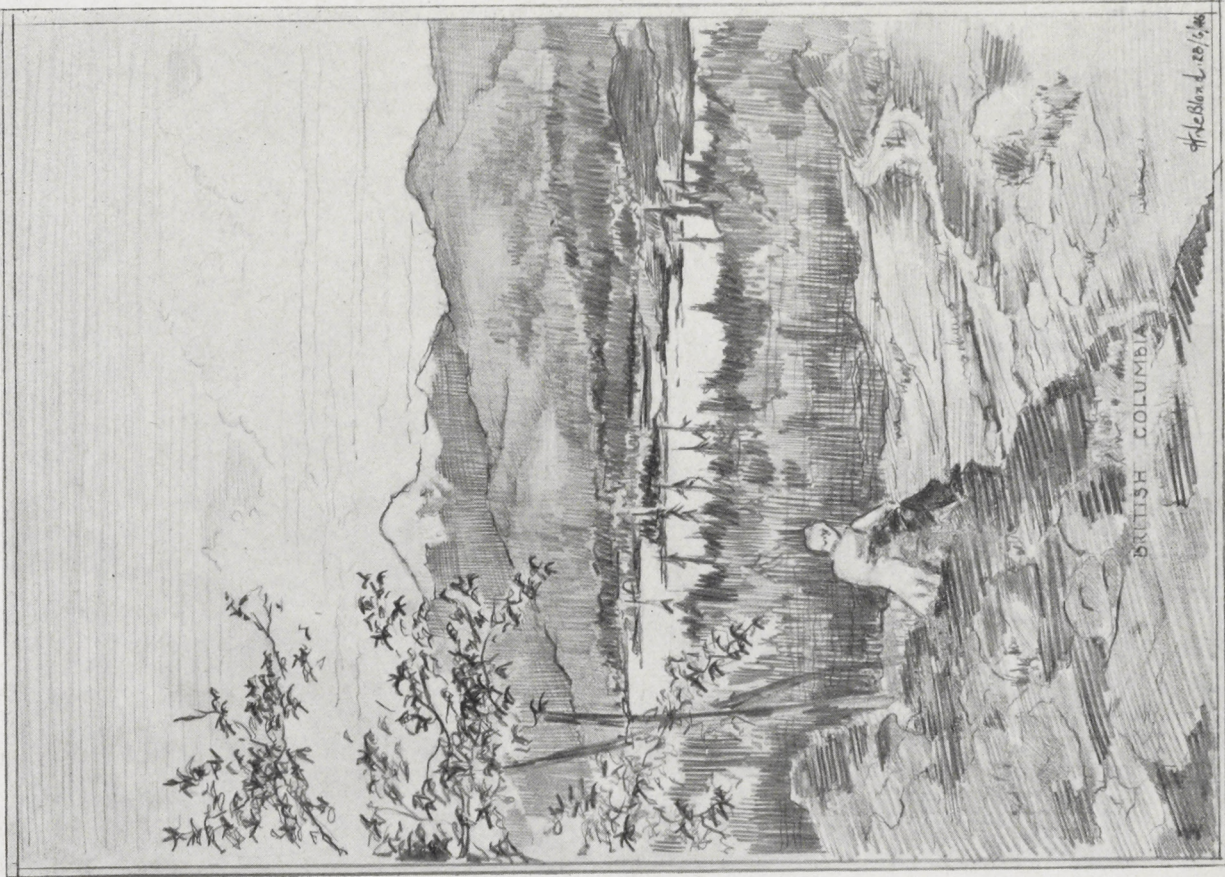
MAN-MADE SKY

by MAXWELL STARKMAN



PRAYER ON A HILL TOP

by R. HANNA



BRITISH COLUMBIA

H. LeBlond. 20/10/06



MOUNTAIN STREAM

by E. L. HANKINSON

MAN AND MOUNTAIN

by H. LeBLOND



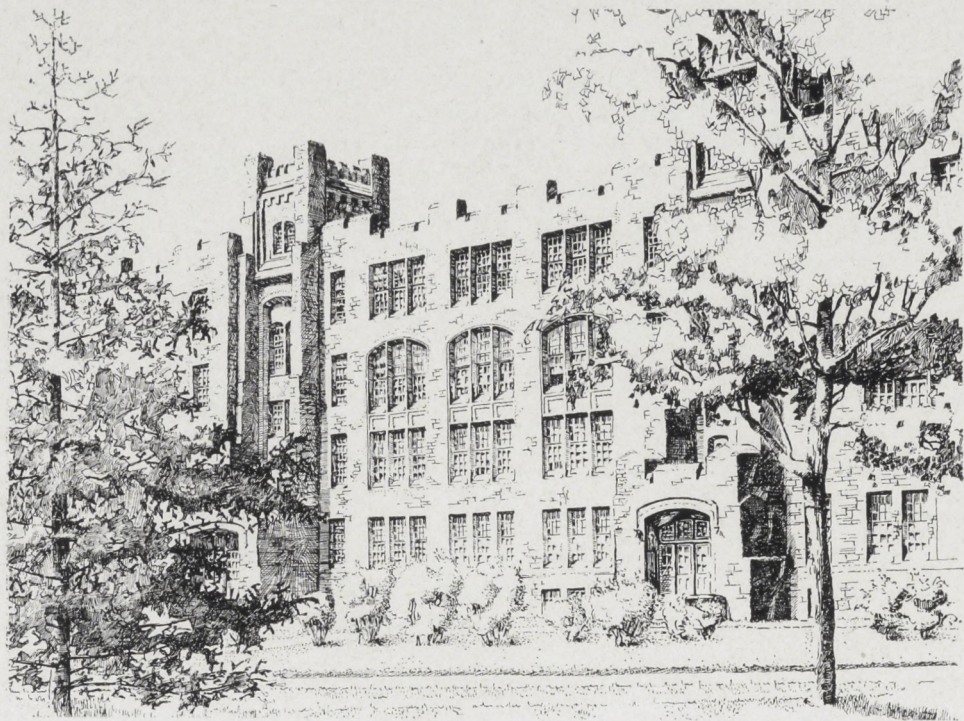
ICE ON THE OTTAWA RIVER SHORE

by G. W. GLENESK



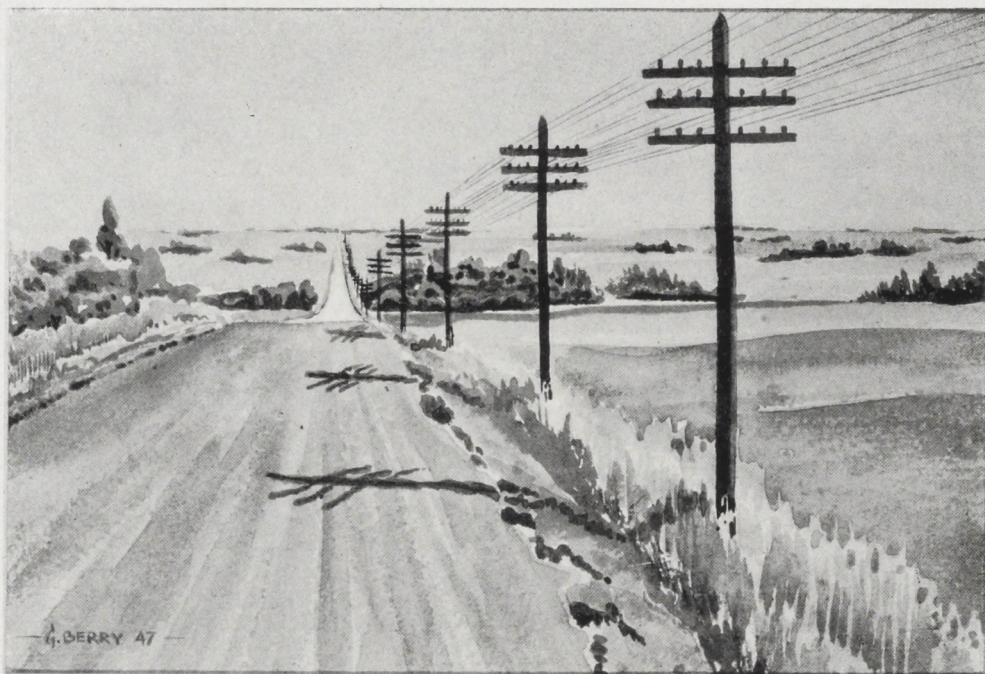
GOVERNOR'S PALACE
WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

by A. W. MOORHOUSE



BUILDING OF SCIENCE

by HUGH SETON



PRAIRIE DEPTH

by G. BERRY

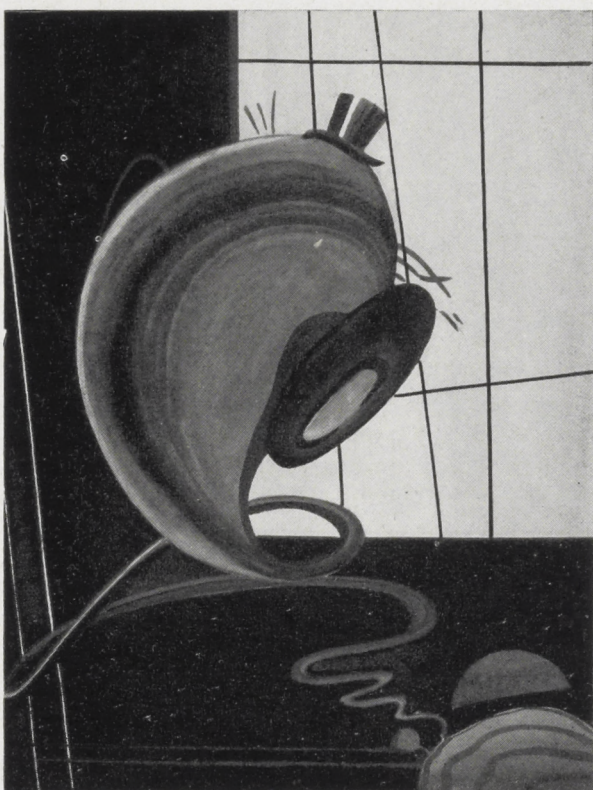


MOOD

by ROMAN KROITOR

HANGOVER ALARM

by H. WILLIAMS





ECSTASY!

by ZENON POMORECKY

The sky suddenly darkened and it immediately began to rain. "What's this?" said Mr. Ruzen. "I better cover up those suits with some rags." There was no time to stop because they were both dressed lightly and it was raining hard. "Here, you better hold the reins," said Mr. Ruzen as he clambered over into the wagon.

Peter suddenly found the reins in his hands. His eyes widened, his breath stopped, and something hot turned over in his stomach. His fingers were cold-numb from excitement and wet from the rain. The reins slipped out of his hands. Lady, missing Mr. Ruzen's steady hold, perked up. Peter lunged for the fallen reins and pulled excitedly. The pain from the bit was unusual for Lady; she reared abruptly. Peter pulled harder and Lady reared higher, this time jolting the wagon.

The lamp toppled over with a crash. Peter shook as the sound penetrated deeply. Mr. Ruzen came back to his seat. He sat quietly. Peter was too excited to really cry. He was whimpering.

"You don't have to feel too bad," Mr. Ruzen finally said. "Anyway, you can tell them that you held the reins." Peter began to cry.

The supper table was quieter than usual. In the middle of the meal Mr. Ruzen announced, "Peter held the reins today."

Peter stopped nibbling at his supper.

"Did you, Peter?" exclaimed Mrs. Thorlson.

He did not look up. He sat staring into his plate, his fork clutched tightly in his palm.

"Why, Peter, what's the matter? You haven't eaten anything."

"It's not good," he said limply.

"Ho, it's an excellent supper," said Mr. Ruzen. "Come on, you better eat a lot, my little junk-man. You've got to eat a lot to be big and strong and hold the reins, you know."

That night Peter asked his mother if he could go to kindergarten, just like all the other kids on the street.

The teacher found him rather dull.

Myself

The Day has Decreased To Naught and I, my Greater-self,
Find This Tomb Consuming. This Part I must Light is Dead,
Never Tired of Dying: Forever Through Time I shall Be.

From Illusions This Clay has Moulded I seek Escape—
Escape To Me: We are Two You Know, I and Myself.

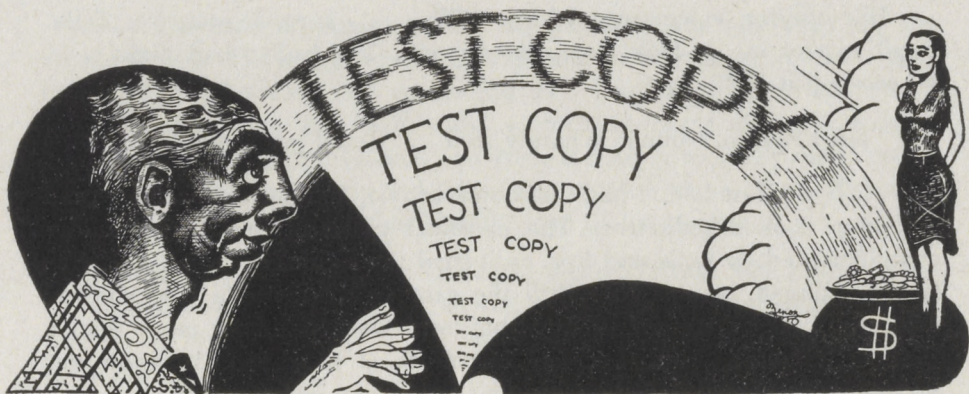
From Evermore and Never Ending I come, The Part Men Try
To Know—Ha! Ha! They Have But to open Their Dusty Orbits

And unlearn To Know. No Face, No Eyes—Yet I See, I smile.
No Hands, No Feet—Yet I Feel, I stand—No Parts, Yet I am

Whole—No Learning, Yet all Schooled. From Windless Wastes,
Sandless Deserts, Waterless Seas, Lightless Days I come.

I Know all, I speak not—With my Beginning I start
Taking leave. One more Morning Glory as Morn' I've
Touched—I leave, Yet I remain on The Silent Winds.

—WILLIAM H. EDWARDS.



By HUGH MCPHERSON

The starting buzzer punctured the taut silence, and fifty-four typewriters answered with the voice of falling hail. A gust of excitement rippled through the gallery's crowded rows. Commercial Typewriter's nation-wide speed contest was on! In a few short minutes a new national champion would be born—with ten thousand dollars as his birthday gift.

Jeff Drew felt confident. The keys of his typewriter sped across the paper with the velocity of light. "Winning is easy . . . winning is easy . . ." they said. And the prize money! At last he'd be able to get re-established, get started with Max Bardi in a racket that would make ten thousand dollars look like popcorn money.

Glancing up from his test copy, he saw Zella straining over the balcony rail, her eyes glittering in anticipation of his triumph. Her scarlet lips, forming a silent "Win!" sent his thoughts racing back over the crowded days to the beginning of their strange partnership.

. . . It was Sunday morning. The telephone's brassy jangling had roused him from a heavy, morning-after sleep. Clutching his throbbing forehead with one still-clumsy hand and groping for the receiver with the other, he growled "Hello!" and subsided dizzily against the pillow. With chagrin he remembered the offer that Max Bardi had made last night. If only he's been able to accept! But where could he ever get that much money?

There was a sound of hesitation at the other end of the line. Then a syrupy voice poured into his ear. "Jeff Drew? This is Zella . . . Zella Anthony. I've been trying to get you all morning. . . . Could you meet me for lunch today? . . . It's important."

Her cloying voice roused him. "Why . . . sure, I guess so, Zella. Don't expect me to look executive though. I've had a bad night. . . . Where will it be?"

"The Frankfort lounge is handy, Jeff. . . . Could you make it by one?"

. . . Even if he hadn't had that quick bromo, Jeff decided, Zella would still have looked seductive. The parakeet green of her frock, vividly complemented by nails and lips, enlivened the quiet grill room. . . . She hasn't changed, he thought. Still the same reckless Zella who showed our crowd at commercial college that 'sex' was something more than a three-letter word. Now, perhaps, her mask of blase sophistication was no longer *assumed* . . . but he couldn't tell. They had scarcely seen each other since before the war when Commercial Typewriter's advertising manager had succumbed to her personal application, and hired her as his private secretary.

Her eyes, glinting beneath carefully painted lashes, revealed nothing. "Hello, Jeff," she said, dusting the words with saccharine. "It's been a long time."

He nodded, feeling all the old attraction surge through him. "It's been *too* long, Zella."

"I called you," she continued, her lips registering invitation, "because something big has just come my way; and remembering our past association I thought that you might be in-ter-ested. . . . There's be a few thousand in it for you, Jeff."

Suddenly the memory of his discussion with Bardi flooded over him. . . . "I need capital, not interest," he said laconically, "but go ahead."

Her lips lost their playful moue and her eyes narrowed speculatively. ". . . This is the angle. Next month Commercial is staging a nation-wide speed typing contest. The winner will get ten thousand, and make a four-week tour. . . . Thinking what go-ood friends we used to be,"—her eyes waited for his confirming smile—"I decided to give us both a break. . . . You enter the contest and I'll supply you with the test copy. . . . We'll split the award."

It was just that simple. He didn't even have to think. "It's a deal," he whispered, and the chink of their glasses meeting, handcuffed them in conspiracy. . . .

The pile of typewriter sheets to the left of Jeff's machine was mounting like a pile of banknotes rolling off the press. No one else could equal his calm, no one else could *touch* his speed.

. . . Those days of memorizing, of practicing the test copy till the words flowed off his typewriter in this present rhythmic torrent!—they had been exhilarating, but rewarding too. Bardi's picture had been a tireless task-master, and Zella's lips, a mocking incentive. He cut down on cigarettes, stopped drinking, and even did early morning exercises in front of the radio. They had been nightmarish days of servitude to *typewriting*, the leitmotif that absorbed all of his energy.

. . . And now . . . success was only seconds away. His fingers were working out their flawlessly memorized pattern of speed; with each stroke, one word repeated itself in his mind . . . Success! Success, success successsuccesssuccess . . .

The last paragraph . . . sentence . . . ! Zella saw him finish and leapt from her place with an ill-masked expression of triumph. He wheeled toward his timekeeper, who was gazing at him with a strange, scornful light in his eyes as he slowly pocketed his stop-watch.

"You are disqualified, Mr. Drew," he said quietly. You typed the last two paragraphs before you turned over the final page of your test copy."

Four Parables

I BITTER PIE

I walk into a restaurant, take off my coat, sit down at a table, and ask the waiter for a piece of apple pie. This waiter is a big fellow with large gleaming white teeth. He looks around cautiously, then bends over me and whispers: You look like an honest fellow, so I'll tell yo. Frankly our apple pie is terrible. It is very bitter; order something else!"

Never mind, I say, bring me the apple pie.

But sir, he argues, you will not be able to eat it. I tell you this out of the kindness of my heart: He sweeps his hand over to his chest in a gesture of tender humanity.

I become quite enraged, red in the face, furious: My good man, you do not understand; bring me the pie!

He throws up his hands and rushes away, returning shortly with the pie. This he places before me abruptly, writes out the bill with a sneer, and walks off, laughing.

I eat the pie. It is difficult, but I eat it. It is bitter, but I clench my teeth, groan and swallow it. My stomach heaves pathetically, but I control my desire to retch.

When I have finished a joyous warmth spreads through me, a majestic calm masks my face. I feel like a man who has found truth.

II CYNTHIA

I am sorry. I have misled you. Some unfortunate girl will read the title and sigh! Ah! the artist writes about me. This is not true; the name means nothing; it never does.

Proud unthinking parents call their ugly infant, Evening Blossom, to the future shame of the little girl. Later her friends will secretly laugh at her: an evening blossom; to be sure. Ha ha!

On the other hand a beautiful woman needs no name, just as a good man needs no title. You can call a man a christian, but this will not make him love his fellow man, and indeed, I am sure that Christ was called, by some, an idiot.

I wanted to tell you of beauty and goodness, not of Cynthia and Christianity.

I am sorry.

III A GENTLE HAND

You say a plant lacks the sensitivity of a man. But yet, if you do not raise it with a gentle hand it will die as surely as though it were human.

You say that to grow a plant needs only water and sunlight. But I say a plant also needs love. I will tell you why.

If you water the plant cruelly you will crush it, and if, unlovingly, you leave it in strong sunlight, it will wither.

A human being is like a plant, and his parents must raise him with a gentle hand if they would not crush him.

I have seen many broken people in my days.

IV MY COUNTRY

I am a simple man. I walk down the street dreaming, and behold! A patriot grasps me by the coat collar and accuses me of treason: you do not love your country, he shouts.

He is wrong. I love my country, and I would fight and die for it; but this is not my country, this land of lifelong misery.

My country is a land of eternal spring. There is no night there, nor cold nor hunger, nor want; each man has love, and all have hope.

You say my country is a dream, and I am a fool? I am no a fool. I am only a simple man.

—LEO M. KAHANA

The Lost Time

Here are the moaners and groaners
Of a lost time: time shattered
In pieces on the floor, at the edge of shadow:
Eyes break like delicate globes
Of glass and mingled light
Falls tinkling on the floor, and
In the dark halls of our minds
We grope on hands and knees.

But the lost time swells
In darkness, like sadness and longing,
The tilting floods of shining tears—
But no redeeming windows, only
The translucent motion of water
That keeps us from ourselves,
That chains us to despairs
Alone on the cold floor.

—A.A.



FROM "THE LEADEN ECHO AND THE GOLDEN ECHO."

By ADELE WISEMAN

Gerard Manley Hopkins has been blamed for much of the difficulty encountered in the reading of so-called 'modern' poetry. The technical innovations of this 19th Century Jesuit have profoundly influenced modern theories of poetic composition. Like any innovator, his methods have been misused by many who do not understand their essential purpose. This essay is an attempt to reach an understanding of some of the methods of Hopkins through the analysis of one of his poems. In this way I hope to show that Hopkins is not as obscure and hopeless a poet as many have believed.

The reading and appreciation of any piece of poetry is primarily a personal matter. This discussion is an attempt to expand on and supplement personal impression by fine combing it with objective analysis. I will again approach the poem "The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo" as I did the first time. My opening senses bud eagerly forward. My mind tensing, prepares nimbly to pluck meanings as my eyes skip across the page. Naive assumption. After six readings I was still plucking at meanings. When they finally came, these meanings crept up from behind like practical jokers, and one by one exploded into my consciousness. One explosion set the fuse of another until gradually the poem linked itself into a cogent whole.

The term "explosion" was coined by Hopkins himself, to describe the peculiar impact with which he intended his poetry to reach the reader. His theory is based on the fact that language, as conventionally used, is unable adequately to convey what the writer is trying to say. "Meaning", in its fullest sense, that is the juxtaposition of emotional and intellectual elements which comprise the poet's "idea", is only vaguely hinted at by the symbols commonly used. To overcome this Hopkins wrestles with language, trying to tie it more closely to his essential meaning. He tries

to surround his idea, overwhelm them, and tightening, squeeze out emotional connotations which combine with the intellectual suggestions in the words, to come closer to his essential idea than any ordinary word combination could do. In this poem we find words torn from their conventional roots, transplanted, grafted, cross-bred and otherwise manipulated in the attempt to match them with the poet's meaning. When grammatical excellence in the ordinary sense might interfere with this aim, grammatical excellence gives way to the internal consistency of the idea. The poet depends a good deal on the spontaneous connections of free association rather than grammatical construction. That is, there is often a synaptic, rather than a continuous grammatical association of words. The words are used like spark plugs, the spark being their underlying relationship, their internal consistency with each other, so that meaningfully, they are whole units of intellectual and emotional connotation. They pile up, building the mood, tone, inflection, and direction of the poem, all of which swivels around in the brain until it bursts into spontaneous, meaningful combustion.

The poem is essentially an expression of religious faith. The germ of it is stated clearly enough in these key phrases:

Leaden Echo:

“—is there any—key to keep—beauty,—from vanishing away?—
No there's none—wisdom is early to despair—”

Golden Echo:

“There is one,—only not within—treacherous tainting of the
earth's air—Somewhere elsewhere [there is] One.—where
whatever's prized and passes of us—beauty—[goes]. [So]
resign, deliver it—now, long before death—give beauty back
—to God beauty's self and beauty's giver—not a hair is—lost.
—Weary then why should we tread?—When the thing we
freely forfeit is kept with fonder a care than we could have
kept it—Where kept?—yonder—What high as that!—[heaven]
—Now we follow—yonder.”

It is a simple catechism. The Leaden Echo asks whether there is any way of keeping beauty from decaying and vanishing. It can see no way to do so and so despairs. The Golden Echo answers that there is a way in which the too soon fleeting beauty can be preserved, and a place where it is preserved. This is done, not in the sin tainted air of the earth, or within view of the scorching material sun, but above, on a higher plane. Man can save all he holds dear, as well as beauty, by resigning them from the beginning to God. The Golden Echo exhorts man to place all they cherish in His care. Beauty is, after all, only a part of Him, who is Beauty's Self and Beauty's Giver”. Therefore, why worry heavy-

hearted? As soon as the trust is placed in His hands, the path is open, and:

"Yonder.—What high as that! We follow,
now we follow."

This then, is the literal idea expressed in the poem. It is obvious, however, that a paraphrase of bare intellectual content can no more approximate what Hopkins is trying to say, than the chemical description of an emotion can approximate that emotion. Let us examine it in closer detail.

Physically, the poem is divided into two stanzas, similar in function to the Greek strophe and antistrophe. The strophe is the voice of the Leaden Echo, and the antistrophe, that of the Golden Echo. Within the stanzas there is no set rhythmical scheme, the poem being written in free verse. The rhythmical structure is based on what Hopkins calls "Sprung Rhythm". "Sprung Rhythm", is an attempt to reconstruct poetry which would follow the natural rhythms of speech. The rhythm follows the heavily stressed syllables, between which there may be several unaccented syllables or none at all. The reader is thrown forward along the lines without any strictly regular rhythmical undercurrent of repetition to weaken the impact of the words themselves. Rhythm is kept from entirely disintegrating by the poet's choice and use of words. The first lines of the Leaden Echo, for instance, consisting of monosyllabic alliterative words, wear a pathway of stress into which we fall naturally and easily:

"is there none such, nowhere, known some, bow or brooch or
braid or brace, lace, latch or catch or key to keep"—

The fact that there is no set line length necessary to the rhythmical structure gives Hopkins greater freedom in the strategic placement of words. The following example is indicative of the strength and power of meaning that can result from this structural method:

"See not a hair is, not an eyelash, not the least lash lost, every hair
Is, hair of the head, numbered."

The 'is', when thrown forward to the beginning of the line, is amplified in meaning. Not only 'is' every hair numbered, but every hair IS. The word, capitalized, followed by a comma, and standing at the beginning of the line, receives the full force of emphasis. The injection of "hair of the head", before "numbered" besides emphasizing the stressed "Is", and preparing for the slightly heavier "Numbered, helps to surround the word with meaning. The wonder, the joy of it,—existence!"

Hopkins makes very frequent use of several mechanical devices. These include: alliteration, as in ("gaygear, girlgrace, going gallant,")

internal rhyme, not only within one line, but carrying over to the middle of other lines: sibilants, the frequent repetition of words, as well as enjambement, the running on of meaning and punctuation past the end of one line and into the middle of another. All of these devices help to link the poem together on a level beyond that of "meaningful" coherence. The sound flows on in a stream of sinuous fluidity, while the images jump from one phase of an idea to the other. This is one reason why one must read the poem several times before one can climb the words to their meaning. It is difficult to concentrate on the meaning of a body of apparently thought-disconnected words. One is unconsciously sucked into the flow of words by connections other than those of the meanings of the words themselves. As already stated, the poem is joined as a whole even below the level of perceptive intellect. The repetition of rhymes and words, sounds and phrases, in different forms, gives the poem a hypnotic effect. Instead of both of them moving together, the stream of consciousness tends to flow out from under the canoe of perception.

Hopkins has a very strong word sense. In the first strophe when he asks:

"How to keep—is there any any, is there none such, nowhere known some, bow or brooch or braid or brace—" etc.

He seems to be questioning the words, twisting and turning them with curious delight. He seems to take a sensuous delight in the sound and feel of them. At the same time he is forcing them to his purpose.

It is important to notice that the characters in the poem are echoes. The mood and tone of the poem are based on the fact of their being echoes, and on the part assigned to them. The title provides a clue to the function to be played by both echoes. Lead, is commonly associated with a duller quality, whereas Gold, both on the physical and the spiritual plane, suggests the contrasting ideas of brightness and hope. This difference is borne out by the thoughts expressed by the two echoes, and the tone and words with which they speak. The Leaden Echo predominates in long low vowel sounds, and heavy consonants, such as "brooch-brace-brade-latch-wranded wrinkles,-frowning", etc. There are also many words, softly syllabled, but ending in a falling inflection, used by the Leaden Echo. These include "hoar hair, drooping, dying, decay, and despair". The mood provoked by these words of duller colour is one of melancholy, a feeling corresponding to the meaning of what the echo says. The meaning of the poem is emotionally as well as intellectually arrived at.

The transition from the Leaden Echo to the Golden Echo is swift and surprising. The five repeated "despairs" seem to wring the last echoey

drop of wailful meaning out of the word, when lo! it is rejuvenated again. A joyous "Spare!" ripped out of the empty carcass of the old despair. "Spare!" Throughout the poem, the poet has wrested new meanings from well known words. Here, with a twist, he has produced a sharp contrast in tone and inflection while retaining the fluidity and continuity of sound. It is an awakening, an invocation to the Lord. There is a sort of delighted, secretive child's joy in the first few lines of the *Golden Echo*.

"There is one—(Hush there)", is the quick banishing of the still sounding earlier echo. The tempo is accelerated. The words are now sharper, brighter, lighter: "singeing — tingeing — wimpled — water-dimpled." The words are lilting and leaping as the joy of the *Golden Echo* increases. There is a naive sounding self-derisiveness as the poem builds up towards its climax.

"and we, we should have lost it."

The poet is unafraid to express himself in the simplest of terms, in abandoning himself to faith. His effect is precious, without any hint of coyness. His language reaches out directly to the emotion that he wishes to tap and makes a clean incision. His images pile up, and the reader climbs the words directly to the emotion.

"Why are we then so haggard at the heart, care-coiled
care kissed, so
fagged, so fashed, so cogged, so cumbered."

Hopkins' use of language in this poem is peculiarly justified. His rhythmical turning and twisting of phrases and part phrases; his repetitions of words to force concentration on them, and thus give them a concrete value; as well as the various techniques already mentioned, make the words he uses sound like more than spoken words. They are echoes. The sound relationships built up between them are like the sounding and whispering back and forth of echoes in the well.

Although his images skip from one aspect of a situation to another, by the free associational method, the poem has a very definite internal consistency in terms of imagery. This, as has been pointed out, is necessary because of the lack of any definite rhyme scheme, and the loose structure. Internal progression must therefore be very carefully and coherently worked out. An example of this careful progressive association is the following:

"Resign them, sign them, seal them, motion them
with breath—soaring sighs—beauty in the ghost."

or

"See, not a hair is, not an eyelash, not
the least lash lost; every hair
Is, hair of the head, numbered."

This is obviously not a haphazard stringing together of words, but clearly thought out meanings and ideas, threading carefully through the imagery. The images are consistent in the whole as well as in their free associational movement. Youth, and the attempts to retain youth, are referred to in terms of dress and ornamentation by both echoes. Hair is carefully used throughout as a symbol of littleness and age combined. When the Leaden Echo asks for a "key to keep", the Golden Echo in answering, also refers to a key "Yes, I can tell such a key". Images of the head, such as braids and lovelocks, easily lead into images of sleep and fatigue. His imagery is both visual and strongly tuditory as has already been implied.

With reference to his consistent use of progressively illuminating words and images, I shall give several examples, each of which, it is hoped, will find some clue to individual points of technique.

By repeating one word in several different contexts, and surrounded by different adjectives, he brings out new connotations and meanings.

"most mournful messengers
still messengers
sad and stealing messengers of grey."

In the above quotation, the poet has created a tension. The meaning of "messengers" does not come out until the last word is reached. Meanwhile, the poet has been building a mood to intensify the meaning when it does come. This poem is actually full of tension, cleverly built up, and carrying the movement of the poem. Not only in the use of imagery, and in the structure of meaning, but also in the "explosion" which the reader must await are tensions involved.

In connection with Hopkins' technique of surrounding and squeezing out his idea emotionally, notice the feeling of struggle, power and expansion in the following:

"Not within the seeing of the sun,
singeing of the strong sun
tall suns tingeing."

The last few lines of the Golden Echo exemplify the poet's ability to carry a phrase through to a transition in meaning, and at the same time, to build upon the basis of very few words, a mounting emotional climax:

"When the thing we freely forfeit is kept with
fonder a care
Fonder a care kept than we could have kept it, kept
Far with fonder a care (and we, we should have lost it)
finer,
fonder
A care kept—where kept? Do but tell us where kept."

He emphasizes the words "care kept", and then suddenly attacks them from a new angle. The youthful, eager exuberance wells up in "Do but tell us where kept," and on the rising note—"Yonder," and again, the simple expression of awe, "What high as that!"

Then:

"We follow, now we follow,
Yonder—, yes yonder, yonder
Yonder—"

Each succeeding "yonder" seems to climb closer up to the height, and fade into the golden distance.

Perhaps the only comment that can be made in closing, is one of wonder that out of such complexity of technique can come such a simple and exalted expression of faith.

Tristan and Isolde

Black Germanic music seething as in a cauldron,
Emitting bolts of shattering arpeggio,
Then smouldering restlessly to clarinet brooding in chalameau.
Stern, sonorous: massy browed meditation.

Mood of sustained torture, wrestling of the soul, returns,
Presaged by earthquake rumblings of the bass viol—
Fierce as a North Sea tempest or the elements singing
 through Samson's hair,
Till Liebstdod placates the yearning heart,
 And death in calm chords comes.

—B.L.R.

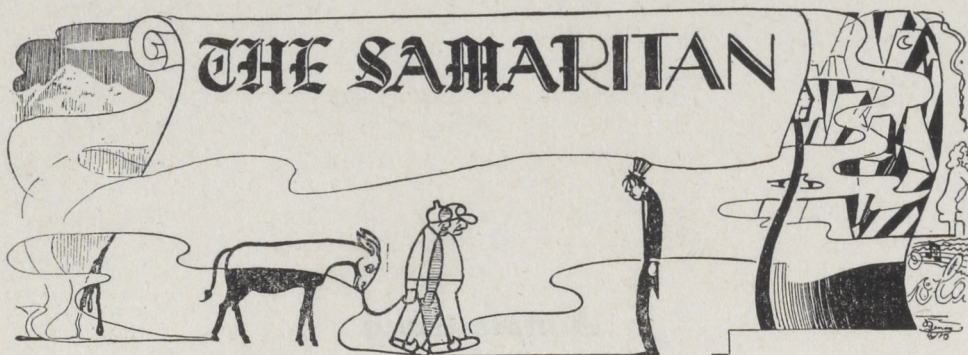
Simple Song

Darkness ever kindly comes:
Comeliness sits then where
On brow unshaded nothing fair
Held sway to rouse desire.

Quietness with hushing wing
Brings peace to shifting stir,
Rest to all murmur where
No modest strain soothed.

Quiet now I have and dark.
I mark with slow and heavy pain
The hours that passing bring the bane
And stir I so lightly left.

—A. E.



By VIC COWIE

It has been written that a certain man once went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment and departed, leaving him to lie by the roadside. And presently, a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came upon the man, and had pity on him, and bound his wounds, leaving him in safe care at an inn. Now this indeed was written many years ago but in many ways, the spirit is yet alive. Here then, is the parable of another Samaritan. One of a later and more complex age; a Samaritan of different motive, but of like bounty.

The great lonely bells of St. Paul's had just heralded midnight. Jerry O'Connell glanced briefly up and down Thirteenth Avenue for a cab, but in vain. The streets were bleak and devoid of life. Ancient scraps of paper sailed and scuttled along the gutter before the prodding November wind, and the dimmed marquee above his head creaked gently to and fro. The air was chill and hinted at rain. Jerry pulled the collar of his coat up about his neck and turned homeward.

It was on the corner of Twelfth and West that he met Gus. The encounter was singular, for Gus was sprawled on the pavement, his hand clutching a lamp post. It was a not too unfamiliar scene, however, and Jerry at first passed unconcerned. But as he was crossing the street, a low groan from behind caused him to glance back and he returned slowly to the curb.

"Are you all right, fella?" said Jerry, brusquely.

A head turned, and eyes opened slowly. "I—I must have slipped . . ." Jerry offered his hand. "Here, I'll help you up." He stood back as Gus, a smaller man, many years his elder, brushed the dust off his trousers and straightened a shabby coat.

"Yes, I guess that's what happened. I must have slipped . . ."

"You look sick," said Jerry. He reached for his inner pocket. "Here—Maybe this'll do you some good."

But the old man merely shook his head, indicating that Jerry's help had been enough. "You see, son," he smiled, "I guess money don't mean nothin' to me. It's the thought behind it what matters."

The two started across the street. A sharp gust of wind brought another flying scrap of paper, and dark wet spots began to appear on the pavement.

"Look, dad," said Jerry, "we're going to get wet out here, join me for a steak at that place down the road."

He silenced the old fellow's protests, and they hurried into the noisy warmth of a cafe. For an hour the two ate and talked, while the rain streamed down the windows and transformed Twelfth Street into a neon rainbow.

There were some in the restaurant who knew Jerry and who mocked his hospitality, when they saw him sharing his table with a derelict. Not that his family tree, nor his present status, in any way elevated him from the rabble. Jerry had been born on the East Side, raised on the East Side, and now subsisted in the manner of many East Side graduates. By trade he was a gambler, an apprentice of the roulette wheel. His activities carried him to the casinos and night clubs—in the summer season to the race tracks. He was in short a member in good standing of that vast fraternity which pervades the limbo between the underworld and society.

"You got a place for the night?" Jerry asked casually as they rose to leave.

"Not yet," Gus replied. "But I'll make out all right. There's an empty warehouse down by the river."

"What do you mean . . ." said Jerry. "Look at the weather."

Outside, the rain swept down in gusts, and cars were squishing through pools of water. Jerry was silent for a moment.

"Look," he said presently, "you can stay at my place for the night."

The Samaritan provided for the destitute traveller at a village inn, saying, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee." The sentiments of Jerry O'Connell, though perhaps of a simpler nature, were supported by the offer of sanctuary of his own home, which consisted of three rooms on a second floor in a stone tenement.

The flat was furnished in the opulence of another age. The plaster walls were webbed with cracks, the roof sagged, the tables and chairs were weary with use, and a board in the living room floor creaked when one stepped on it. Here Jerry seemed to lose some of his cosmopolitan air, and he took on the appearance of but another block dweller.

"Make yourself at home," he said simply, gliding his hat across the room to the sofa, where its arrival precipitated a minor flurry of dust. "There's no one here. My wife went back to her old lady in Albany last year."

Gus stood hesitatingly by the table. Jerry's voice came from a closet . . . "Didn't like it here. Can't blame her much, can you?"

In the morning, after a restless sleep, Jerry awoke and peered outside through the glass of a sooty window overlooking a back alley.

The rooftops were obscure blurs in a blinding mist. Sometime during the night the rain had turned to sleet, and the sleet to snow, which swirled and drifted about the sullen chimneys in enormous silvery flakes, like beauty flirting with the beast.

Jerry turned from the endless ballet wearily. The flat was cold, and as he strode through the living room, the loose board creaked its morning salutation.

"Gonna shove off?" he enquired of Gus, who was slipping on his coat.

"Yes, I guess so, son," said the old man. "Thanks again for all your trouble."

Presently the flat was silent, save for the echo of receding footsteps beneath the rattle of the rooftop winds.

He that showed mercy was neighbor unto him that was destitute. So was it written.

And so is the spirit of the Samaritan yet alive that five minutes later, Jerry dashed down the stairs without his coat and disappeared down the street. In such a haste was he that Mrs. Perrin, on the first floor, declared to her husband at supper time that Mrs. O'Connel must have at last returned. The one returned however was not Jerry's estranged wife. It was Gus—who had been overtaken by Jerry a block from the apartment and persuaded to remain a few days longer.

Jerry's incentive? Call it selflessness—the spirit of comradeship—pity—what you may. Whatever the motive, Gus had come back.

Now the nature of Jerry's occupation rendered him normally a superstitious being. As the life of a speculator revolves about the fluctuations of the market, so was Jerry's subsistence dependent on the machin-

ations of Lady Luck. Thus, when he returned shortly to the casino, with the last vestiges of a dwindling treasury, and thereupon began an amazing series of triumphs, he laid the capricious about face in his fortune to the arrival of Gus, for there seemed to be no other factor on which to base the phenomenon. Nor was his success confined to that evening. In the ensuing weeks, Jerry's luck knew no bounds: his account at the Casino swelled into a rotund four figures, and Gus remained on at the flat.

Several months went by. There were some who mocked Jerry's spirit of charity in providing for the old gentleman. To them he replied: "Why not? Lose a free housekeeper?" and with a laugh. "Why I tell you it's a good deal." Then, as conclusive proof, he would add the evidence of his newly-found success.

The dwellers of the tenement thought it was a curious paradox—That the old gentleman should be so lodged by one who had previously shown so few benevolent inclinations. Mrs. Perrin often met Gus on the stairs as he went about his errands. Every day she heard him up above, reading aloud from the Bible, which she realized was his favorite book.

The old man himself seemed content enough at the flat. The rooms may have been dark and occasionally chilly in the mornings, but then they afforded a haven much warmer and more secure than that of the streets. His tastes were simple. He had his pipe, his Bible and his favorite chair.

Thus passed the winter. In April, the icicles began to drip from the roofs, and the snow turned the gutters into canals, where dusty-faced children waded and launched paper boats. In the park by the river, the trees began to bud, and at the flat, Mr. Murphy removed the outside windows.

And so the Samaritan was neighbor unto him who fell among thieves.

Likewise it came to pass with Jerry the Samaritan and Gus the needy one. It is not written of the earthly reward which befell the Samaritan. Let us see what, if any wordly rewards were reaped by Jerry.

One evening, Jerry and Gus joined a small group of tenants on the terrace . . . the massive front steps of the block—where they stared at the passing traffic and conversed idly. The sun slipped behind a range of silhouetted buildings, and, as the lights began to appear the noise of the streets faded into the drowsy murmur of a darkened city.

"You know, Gus," Jerry confided, when the others had gone, "I think I've changed a lot these last couple of months." The old man smiled and continued to puff on his pipe.

"I've been thinking it over lately," said Jerry. "I guess I've got a lot of new ideas. Like making a living, I mean. I haven't been doing so well at the Casino lately. Guess I've been wondering if perhaps I shouldn't get into some business—some legitimate business."

Gus nodded. "Well, son, I haven't tried to influence you in one way or another."

"Oh I know," Jerry broke in. "If you was to have started preaching at me with that Gospel line, I wouldn't have stood for it very long. But I still want to get on the straight and narrow." There was a silence, then he added . . . "What do you think I should do?"

Gus gazed down the street. "I would take my money out of the Casino right tomorrow mornin'. Then I'd go out and get a job," he said.

"That's just what I was thinking of doing," Jerry said. "You know how much I got? Ten thousand dollars."

Gus tapped his pipe on the cement of the steps. "How about your wife?" he asked.

The clatter and wheeze of a freight came from across the river. Somewhere a whistle blew.

"... Her," said Jerry.

Gus rose slowly. "Why don't you ask her back, son?"

"She'd never come," Jerry said . . . "I mean—Why would I want her?"

But the idea had been planted. That night Jerry lay sleeplessly, thinking of a telephone call and its resultant happiness. A dozen times he phrased and rephrased the message—the words which would bring her home.

Hello honey—this is Jerry . . . Jerry. Look—I'm sorry what I said before . . . Yeah. I'm crazy over you, kid, and I want you back . . . That's right . . . Oh—not that punk flat . . . that's not for you, baby. I got a mint in the bank and a job now . . . Yeah—steady job . . . Everything's going to be swell from now on——

And finally he fell into a troubled sleep.

The next morning was damp and windy but with a happy word to Gus of his errand, Jerry went across the city to the Casino and withdrew every cent of his account. Eddy was annoyed when informed.

"You'll be back, O'Connell," he said, but Jerry knew his life as a gambler was finished. He had left the premises in various financial conditions but never was he as rich as this morning. There were over ten

thousand dollars lying in the small leather satchel that he carried at his side.

From the Casino he went directly to the telephone booth of a nearby drug store.

"Hello operator," he said eagerly, "I want to put a quick call through to Albany." He gave the address—A wait that seemed like hours, and then her voice.

Jerry spoke quickly and sincerely. There was a short conversation, her happy agreement, then the three minutes were up. Three short minutes that changed the whole aspect of life for him.

When Jerry returned to the street the sun had symbolically begun to shine again and the wet pavements gleamed and sparkled. He dashed home in a cab and bounded up the stairs to the flat.

"Gus," he cried, bursting into the room, "she's coming home!" He strode across the living room and the loose floor board creaked merrily.

"Gus," he called. "Where are you?"

There was a murmur from the bedroom and Jerry entered. On the couch in the darkened room, lay sprawled the old man, withered and pale. Jerry hesitated at the doorway.

"Gus, what's the matter?" he asked.

The old man's eyes opened slowly. "Jerry," he breathed.

"Something's wrong, pop! What is it?"

"Looks like my time is up, son," Gus smiled.

Jerry rushed to his side. "What is it?"

"I have fought a good fight," said Gus. "I have finished my course. I have kept the faith."

Jerry held up the satchel. "Don't talk like that, Pop. Look! We've just begun to live!"

"No, son," said Gus with a sad smile, "It is you who has just begun to live. I am an old man. It's my heart. . . . You remember when I first met you? I knew it wouldn't be long."

Jerry seemed on the verge of tears. "God," he said, "I'll get a doc. Ten thousand dollars will . . ."

Listen to me, son," interrupted Gus. "I have always been penniless but I was ever a happy man. Money never obligated my life. There is so little riches can bring." He closed his eyes.

Jerry groped for the door and bolted down the stairs three at a time. Crossing the busy street was an agony of delay as he waited for speeding cars to pass. In a few minutes he burst into the office of the neighborhood doctor.

"I'll be right with you," said the latter, fumbling for his instruments.

Moments later Jerry opened the door of the flat. "In there," he said in a low voice, indicating the bedroom.

The doctor disappeared through the doorway and Jerry lit the stove to prepare a supply of hot water.

In a moment the doctor re-appeared and beckoned. Jerry tiptoed anxiously into the darkened room.

It was deserted.

The bureau drawers were all askew. The closet was bare. The money satchel lay on the floor . . . open . . . empty.

On the table there was a hastily scribbled note. Jerry read it aloud.

"My boy, I was ever a happy man. There is so little riches can bring."

"What is this?" asked the doctor. "Looks as if our patient cleared out in a hurry. Say, is anything the matter?"

Jerry crumpled the note and sat down on the bed.

Through the window he could see the rain falling again, shrouding the rooftops in a dismal grey mist.

I Love You

I love you in the early morn,
Then when the sun is riding high
And when it flaunts its flaming glory
In the blue of western sky.
I love you when the heat of day
Has cooled to form the soft, fresh dusk
And when night spreads its cloak of darkness
'Round the saddened world and us,
I love you then.

I love you when the first wild roses
Lend their fragrance to the air,
And when sweet-scented blooming lilacs
Soothe all sadness, grief and care.
I love you when the fruits of harvest
Blossom where the seeds were sown
And when the harsh and cold and cruel
Wintry winds do loudly moan,
I love you then.

I love you when the dazzling sunbeams
Dance and play upon your hair
And when the gentle velvet darkness
Spreads its softened shadows there.
I love you when the April showers
Trickle down your face so fair
And when the fragrant summer breezes
Come to leave their kisses there,
I love you then.

I love you when your laughter sweet
Is echoed by a rippling brook
And when the fluttering autumn leaves
Repeat the soft tread of your foot.
I love you when a spider's web
Dares match your sable silken hair
And when a scene of beauty rare
Possessing you is doubly fair,
I love you then.

By K. CONNELLY



By ARTHUR ADAMSON

An Anthology of the new poetry in Canada 1940-1946.
 Edited by John Sutherland. First Statement Press.

The Introduction to *OTHER CANADIANS* by the editor, Mr. John Sutherland is divided into two parts. The first, which is headed *Mr. Smith and the "Tradition"* is an attack on Mr. A. J. M. Smith's views of Canadian poetry. Mr. Sutherland writes in a kind of 'intellectually colloquial' style which garbs his thoughts in glib phraseology, a type of literary jargon which is pretentiously offhand, and which thrives at present **especially on this continent**. Its results are far from lucid. He speaks of "impulses which have been dead in the creative sense . . ." and of "diverse, recalcitrant elements [which] no matter how one tars and feathers them . . . cannot be made to look the same."

However justified the attack on Mr. Smith may be, I found the second section, *New Necessities*, more readable, interesting, and pertinent to this volume. It is Mr. Sutherland's purpose to indicate the present trend of poetry in Canada among "the younger poets"—"a phrase," he claims, "badly in need of definition"—which will establish a Canadian tradition hitherto lacking. Canadian criticism has been too much concerned with a past which has little to do with the new trend. Now, however, "the Canadian critic must steel himself to the facts of the situation": there is no tradition; the art-religion hypothesis must go ("the firm of Roberts . . . share with him [Mr. Smith] responsibility for maintaining that decayed faith, that shoddy and outworn morality which blends in Canada with the colonial's desire to preserve the status quo."); the new poet is human ("the poet retains human attributes in spite of being a poet"); he is evidently a socially conscious realist in contrast to "our escapist writers and critics" ("his materials are tangible often in spite of appearances . . .", "he has something to say which frequently has

meaning for the ordinary man."). Further, the new poets "all are concerned with the individual and the individual's relation to society, and adopt an attitude which might seem well-nigh blasphemous to conventional people. If God still talks to these poets in private, he carries less weight than Karl Marx or Sigmund Freud. The seven-day fireworks of the world's creation matter less than the creation of the socialist state; the cure of earthly ills is to be achieved by economics or psychology rather than by divine intervention. These poets are interested in events and ideas whose importance is neither ephemeral nor imaginary to the living and thinking individual; they *intend* at least to speak to the average man of everyday realities and of the principles which operate on them." This is strongly reminiscent of the Auden, Spender, Day-Lewis circle of the thirties in England, and of course, ever since the early days of Romanticism, certain rhymsters have wished to strike a fantastic attitude as social and political redeemers of the time.

Mr. Sutherland assumes, it would appear, that under certain conditions, art—here poetry—must perform a special function in order to meet those conditions. At the present time he believes we must look to Marxist economy and Freudian psychology to cure the ills of the world. Therefore poetry must become an advocate of psychology and economics. In order to confute such a conception I suppose I should have to resort to all sorts of involved theoretical casuistry which would only result in a mass of mumble-jumble nonsense equally as absurd as that perpetrated by Mr. Sutherland himself. To theorize about art in such a manner has always been a dangerous enticement to writers, but to carry this to the extreme of imposing upon it any responsibility in curing the ills of the world, which no more belongs to the poet than to the bricklayer, is to attain the acme of imbecility. The satires of Dryden and Pope had no effect on removing the folly which they ridicule, they simply offer amusement to those of enough intelligence to realize that the world is so full of folly that were it removed, nothing would remain.

The selection itself contains the work of several poets who are represented in A. J. M. Smith's *THE BOOK OF CANADIAN POETRY*, and others who are not. Its importance is that it purports to show us the poetry which is to establish the new socialist tradition. All of it was written between the years 1940 and 1946. There is, however, nothing distinctly Canadian about the poetry other than that a few of the poems are about Canada. They are strongly influenced, as Mr. Sutherland says, by contemporary English and American poets, especially American. Many are vituperatively indictive at modern society, inveighing against the businessman, the politician, the professor (all of whom, I suppose, thoroughly deserve it, or the indefinable sickness of the modern world

in general (a characteristic, quite properly, of most poets of all times). All of them indulge in the tricky verbal acrobatics which distinguish the modern poet, and too often gets somewhat out of control. The striving for the unusual adjective and the vivid but remote image (not always inexcusable in itself) is often carried to an unwarranted extreme. It strikes me that what is chiefly lacking is a little restraint and control.

Louis Dudek, I should say, is influenced considerably by the English poet, Louis MacNeice, and also (rather unfortunately) by those American poets most notably represented by Kenneth Patchen.

In his poem "The Professors", Mr. Dudek criticises that profession for their concern for erudition and isolation from reality, a point of view with which I can agree to an extent.

"But beautiful the Doctors, will be live as mice
Lost in an experimental maze, while down below
The lightning from the window sweeps a Harlem slum."

"Their words voluble smoke to a blind man's eyes
That hurt, but cannot help the people in a street."

This is very fine sentiment, surely, from which, however, I recoil in horror. Why on earth should mankind, which is irretrievably avaricious and selfish by nature, completely reverse its habits overnight? Mr. Dudek is a most perplexing young rebel.

Raymond Souster, Irving Layton and M. E. Gordon are perpetrators of even more unrestricted inartistic outbursts of lyrical vituperation and self-assertion. I deeply sympathise with their attitude; I agree that our world is rotten to the core, "an old bitch gone in the teeth", but there has been too much reviling and we are now quite numb to it. I suspect that the best a poet can do is to withdraw into a shell and try to write decent, if sterile, verse.

Mr. Souster is very disgusted with life, and I can hardly blame him. But although I could conceivably agree with his principles, which are none too clear, but which I suspect are strongly socialist, I could never approve of his poetry. In addition, his championing of the underdog, the common man, is far too Quixotic to be taken seriously. He warns us in the title of a poem that "Even A Worm Will Turn, Gentlemen":

"Even a worm will demand more than blindness, a more
proud locomotion than crawling,

Even a worm
Is aware that slavery has never equalled life, and
happiness has never equalled fear,
Even a worm will turn, gentlemen,"

He is full of the darkest threats, but never becomes more specific than that.

It is a relief to find a poet like Kay Smith, who is a remarkable contrast to Mr. Souster. She certainly possesses all the qualities which he lacks. Perhaps her virtues will seem more negative than positive, but at least her craftsmanship can be admired—she is not a trapeze artist, but a poet. She does not rashly strive to bring out a battery of heavy artillery to knock down a windmill.

To my mind the most outstanding poets here represented are Ronald Hambleton and John Sutherland, the editor. Both are strongly influenced by Auden, MacNeice and Day-Lewis. Mr. Hambleton is well known, of course, through *THE BOOK OF CANADIAN POETRY* and *UNIT OF FIVE*. Both are chiefly distinguished by their technical skill. Their imagery is consistent and does not get out of hand; they realize that if anything is essential to poetry it is form, and consequently there is little confusion.

Mr. Hambleton's poem "The Picnic" is a rather neat piece of psycho-analytical technique, not altogether free from obscurity, however. The modern city-dweller is represented as the culmination of despair and futility:

"The eyes are choked with dullness
The eyes are choked with driftwood
From a thousand wrecked personal cargoes."

His best poem is, I think, "Comrades As We Rest Within", which contrasts the situation in England, where the nation has been forced to reform its way of life by direct contact with war, to Canada, where we remain placidly unaware of any important change of events. There:

"Only the concrete stands, the
Skeleton, the basic grimace;
Only the flesh burns, the lace,
The weak, the terror-frozen,
With no choice but a
Grave to stick toes in."

* * *

"And here we neglect to change
The set immobile grin—
(but how should I begin?)
Here Love has no capital,
And finds it a little strange
Beginning with a miniature hell."

John Sutherland's poetry closely resembles that of Auden. His "Four Sonnets" are much akin in technique to Auden's sonnet sequences

Other Canadians

"In Time Of War" and "The Quest". This affinity to Auden if, of course, no more inexcusable than Pope's to Dryden. His images are quite Freudian. From "In The Aquarium" we have:

"Hugging his future, he had troubled dreams:
A glass knight on a horse of glass, he rode
And threatened like a tower of the good;"

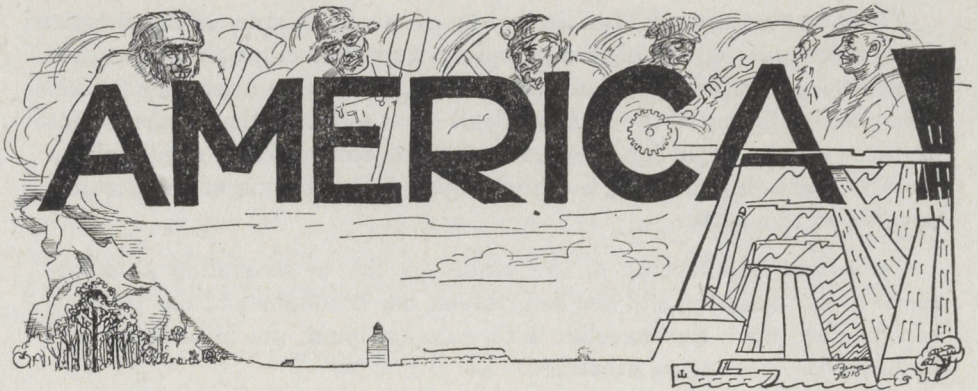
and from "The Double Man"

"His alter ego spirals in the sky,
Impatient to be off into the ether;
But he's more cautious,—cocks a weather eye
Upon his life-like figure in the mirror."

There are other poets in this volume whose work is as interesting in many ways for one reason or another. Some merit praise, some are full of ideas which as yet they are unable to control adequately; some are fairly well known already, such as Patrick Anderson, and P. K. Page, others are less familiar, like James Reaney and Denis Griblin.

To anyone at all interested in Canadian poetry this volume will certainly be important, for it indicates the kind of poetic expression to which many young Canadians of not to be despised ability are turning. I regret that they so often mistake the audacious, the flashy, the out-of-the-way, for good poetry. Even a poet like Ezra Pound has a good deal more to him than this.

I do not know why they expect to establish a Canadian tradition when they themselves follow so closely methods already established in other countries. I do not believe that as yet a Canadian tradition can be established, and that it is quite sufficient to rely on the English tradition which itself took centuries to become anything like national in character. The redeeming feature of these poets is that they are at least not shackled by convention.



By BARRY BROADFOOT

Any nation which has through an inherent love of freedom lifted itself from the role of a servile state; fought in bloody civil war to maintain unity; rolled back its frontiers so it might breathe more deeply; and twice within a generation engaged in wars abroad for the preservation of democratic ideals, must by the very nature of these accomplishments be regarded as great.

Great men produce great nations. The converse, inevitably is true. It is a two-way proposition possible only in a country embracing the democratic ideals of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness".

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless tempest-tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

Upon these brave words carved on the Statue of Liberty, America has forged her shield. Tempered by humanity, often marred by ignorance, but forever welded by the clear flame of liberty, the symbol stands today, the only hope and guardian of the world's masses against the aggressor.

Can one define, to the satisfaction of the pedant, the spirit instilled in the American people?

The obvious label is patriotism; but the American would sneer that the calls and duties of patriotism encroach upon his civil rights. Rather it is a state of mind. The state of knowing that he is protected and at the same time a protector; the belief that his own personality has an effect upon the personality of the nation.

During my travels within her borders I saw 8,000 miles of Americana. After 8,000 miles of her highways and by-ways, her cities and towns, her states and geographical regions, one slowly receives an impression of the American—his way of life and his ideals. But to brand these impressions as facts is false logic for they cannot stand alone. They only make a picture, a growing, moving, every-changing fusion of one of the greatest peoples on this earth.

Constant bombarding of the senses by the never-ending kaleidoscope of her beauties, and her deformities, her triumphs and her failures, can produce upon the traveller with an open mind, the impression that in America, he is seeing greatness.

The American has inherited this impression, and eventually accepted it is fact. Once the term "greatness" has become to him synonymous with "America", he has become an intrinsic part of the vast panorama of the nation. He represents an atom in the national molecule; necessary for the stability of the structure, yet at the time, an independent entity. That which to the transient visitor is a conflicting and paradoxical impression is to the American the driving force which has the power to weld a complex mass of humanity into a vigorous, unified, humanitarian whole.

One night I was travelling north from Pittsburg along a rutty highway bordering the Monahela Valley. My companion was a communist organizer. The man was sullen and on the defensive; spoke little, and drove furiously.

The valley stretches 150 miles and each mile of its once verdant length is swallowed up by giant blast furnaces and open hearths, electrical plants and glistening piles of stock coal. Suddenly below, a huge steel bucket was emptied. The fiery glow shot to the low clouds, bathing them in dazzling orange. Silhouetted against the glare—like a scene from a Wagnerian opera—were rows of mill chimneys and the straining figures of the foundry workers.

As I gazed at the spectacle—only a link in the greatest chain of productivity in the world—the communist turned and said, "I swear allegiance to Russia but I thank God and America for this sight."

Just a few simple words spoken by a bitter man whose face bore the scars of police truncheons, but they told much. They told of a man who had found other ideals but in the face of them could not forsake his country or his God. His name matters little; it might have been Sandburg or Wolfe.

I recall a small wayside inn in Pennsylvania where the keeper—a florid Dutchman—welcomed me in, led me to a red and white covered

table, boomed out my order to his jolly wife and then sat down to talk. While we drank his frothy Dutch beer, he spoke of his ancestors who had followed their leader to this land in the early 1700's. He was proud of his heritage.

This happy man was also a painter and he showed me some of his work. Landscapes mostly. I was no critic but, when pressed for an opinion, I ventured to say that they seemed to lack perspective. To this he roared, "Quite right, my boy, quite right. I'm no painter, but I have fun," and his hearty laugh filled the room. "I just like to put my country down on canvass."

In this manner I saw America.

On every hand are symbols of the faith of a people in their land. The Pennsylvania Turnpike snaking across the gently rolling terrain until it plunges in a series of tunnels through the Alleghany Mountains; the New York skyline from the Brooklyn shore, its geometrical harshness softened by the twilight; the great highway stretching through slimy Florida everglades past Seminole villages where the inhabitants still eat snakes and muskrats as did their forefathers; the causeway leaping from island to island to Key West, 250 miles deep in the Atlantic; the regiments of combines slashing through the Kansas wheat; the transit system of New York City, where electric trains roar like Stygian worms through the darkness: all these are symbols.

An old colored man whose tattered clothes bore specks of blood thrown there by his consumptive cough sat huddled in the warm sunshine on a Memphis street. Slowly and painfully he struggled to his feet and dragged himself away at the policeman's command, "C'mon nigger, git!" This also, is a symbol.

The Mississippi sharecropper, more poverty-stricken than any man should be, confided that he "reckoned ah could get the kids shoes if the yankees would give us Southe'nos mo' fo' auor cotton." The man farmed a few acres of worn out land with nothing more than a mule and a plow. But he was farming the land "like ma daddy did", and he believed in his land with a burning love.

On the Hudson Parkway in upstate New York I was given a ride by a young Italian in a battered sedan. He was tough and his ilk populated the Brooklyn ball park bleachers every Sunday. By his speech, he had no respect for law and order and took a keen delight in relating his exploits.

But, as we began to struggle up the Catskills, he became quieter. Suddenly he turned to me and said, "Canadian aintcha? Well, fella, I'm gonna show you something you don't see up there."

Soon the battered car reached the summit where an observation park had been built. He parked the car and we walked to the parapet. There, stretching away for miles was the whole panorama of the Hudson River Valley; the Catskills hushed in a bluish tinge and the river to the west a pencil of silver. It was very beautiful and I was impressed. Without looking at me, as if to hide his emotions, the young Italian breathed, "Fella, that's America."

To that young tough, this was his country. If he'd known how to pray, he would have. Perhaps he did.

I then think of the construction worker who offered a lift one June evening at the edge of a small town near New Orleans. His face was a map of the racial complexity of America. On it were fused Negro, Indian and White characteristics.

As we approached the city, my companion swung from the four-lane route to a smaller one with the explanation that it was quicker. Soon we were boring through delta marshes; miles of nothing but reeds and willows and the odd water fowl homing to its nest. Somewhere out on the gulf the sun was setting, its rays making a high path of gold on the sea. Behind us, dusk was closing in, and to our right New Orleans was visible as a mirage.

The driver stopped the car. "Kid, see them marshes. Someday were gonna build the biggest city in the world on them. We can do it. Just wait."

So, his reasons for taking this by-way were not for speed. In his own crude way, the man was a dreamer. In his own crude way, he was envisioning a bigger and greater America. No different from a Washington, a Jackson, or a Jefferson. I would like to believe that under his hard shell there was a core of sentiment. A core, intensified by his enthusiasm and pride, enobled by the sheer loveliness of the country, and maintained by a deep and abiding faith. If there was such a core, it would confirm my impressions of his country.

There is the America I carried with me when I returned to Canada. Not the magnates and the potentates, nor the highways and the super-structures, but the little people—John Doe, U.S.A.—with a deep-rooted, unwavering faith in his nation, ready to defend and die for all the ideals of the little people. The communist, the inn-keeper, the dying negro, the Italian youth, the sharecropper and the dreamer.

These people are the mosaic of America.

